Is the Tango Indecent? Page 76.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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A PROBLEM PICTURE.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Coming Visit of the King of Uganda.

It is one of the most onerous of the duties of the monarch of the Empire upon which the sun never sets that every year His Majesty is placed under obligation to receive and be very civil to the potentates of countries far removed from the centre of the Empire. These gentlemen are so numerous that it is really wonderful their visits to King George are so tactfully arranged as to give them all a chance of making the acquaintance of the Sovereign of Britain without the "Standing Room Only" boards having to be placed outside Buckingham Palace. All the dusky gentlemen who own His Majesty as their Suzerain King, or Protective Colleague (for the theory of suzerainty is keenly resented by some of them), must come to London during the Season if they would meet Their Majesties. After the end of July they cannot see the King again until the following year. And this year the first of the black Kings to leave his own land for a call upon King George is His Majesty Daudi Chua, King of Uganda. He is a flat-nosed, but otherwise good-looking, youngster, still in his teens, and as he owes the preservation of his throne entirely to the benign influence of British diplomacy, his visit to Buckingham Palace will be one of real cordiality. He will not cause the King much inconvenience, as no great etiquette will have to be observed upon the occasion of his visit. Already the members of his staff, red-turbaned and white-petticoated, may be seen strutting Regent Street of an afternoon.

* * *

How African Potentates are Housed.

Sir Harry Johnstone is, I hear, to be present when the King of Uganda goes to the Palace. It was Sir Harry who negotiated the treaty by which the young King's position was carefully defined in East Africa. Another important knight who will be present is Sir Apollo Kagwa, K.C.M.G., the King's Prime Minister, also a gentleman with a flat nose and a petticoat. These dusky potentates are, of course, not housed in Buckingham Palace, as are European Sovereigns, the reason being that they themselves prefer to be domiciled in private houses, specially taken for them for the period of the visit, where their priests and cooks can perform their daily religious ceremonies and cook the King's food according to their customs. Nearly all the dark races of the earth regard their meals as religious ceremonies, and peculiar forms and observances have to be considered in the cooking of food, especially in the killing of animals and the preparation of fish and meat. Even the Jews, who are not a "dusky" race, regard cooking as a very serious matter. The King of Uganda is a Mahommedan in religion, and will doubtless be housed where he can perform his prayers regularly at sunrise, midday, and sundown.

* * *

An Invitation to the Ameer.

Amongst the King's other visitors this season will be the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Gwalior, who are now in London. Being already familiar with the Metropolis they will occasion the King and Queen little trouble. Some time ago we learned from a source of high authority that King George had tendered an invitation to his ally, the Ameer of Afghanistan, but some months later the understanding between the Ameer and the authorities in Calcutta became so strained that the visit was abandoned for the present. There is no likelihood of the Ameer being seen in London this year, anyway, but when he does come London will turn out *en masse*. No Ameer has ever been seen in England, but the present Ameer is a much more important individual than was the late Shah of Persia, who "came early and stayed late," and put King Edward to much trouble in keeping him good-humoured as he possibly could. Times, however, have changed, and a Shah of Persia who put foot in London to-day would meet with short shrift from the King that is. Persia ten years ago was an asset in Asia. Now she is merely a nuisance.

* * *

When the Shahzada was the Lion of the Season.

But though Londoners have never seen a King of Afghanistan, Society has seen something very nearly like one, and is he likely to be soon forgotten. It must be nearly twenty years since the son of the then King of Afghanistan—the Ameer of Kabul, as he is known East of Suez—arrived in London upon a state visit to Queen Victoria. For many years the attitude of the Ameer towards this country occasioned this country no end of anxiety. As long as we hold India the Ameer will be a hard nut for Britain to crack. With Russia always scheming to win him over, and the English in possession, and barring Afghan conquests south of Peshawar, it will be a difficult task to keep the Ameer true to his word in regard to England. The present Ameer is smart enough to see which side his bread is buttered, but his father, the late famous Abdur Rahman Khan, was a man of a peculiarly callous and blood-thirsty character. He did not hesitate to put to death the amiable Sir Louis Cavagnari and all his mission when they were sent across the Pass to Afghanistan upon a political visit to Kabul. And as for his own people, Abdur Rahman Khan slew them wholesale upon the slightest supposition of wrong-doing. He offered the English a flaunting opposition which brought sleepless nights to many a Viceroy in Calcutta. So when he sent his eldest son, the Shahzada, to London to "see things for himself," Queen Victoria and the then Prince of Wales were resolved to do the kow-tow and the salaam until they ached. And so as they gave the distinguished visitor "a good time," sent him home a friend of England.

* * *

Have You Seen the Shahzada?

At that time there was nothing too good for the young Afghan. He was fêted at the Guildhall as if he had been the Emperor of Germany or the Tsar of Russia. Every honour that the panoply and state of England could provide were offered upon bended knees to the Shahzada. As if to show him how he was loved in Britain he was provided with a seat of honour in the carriage with Queen Victoria in the State procession down the course at Ascot, Gold Cup Day. There were eight carriages of Royalty in the procession, and sporting readers of these lines will remember Isinglass winning the Gold Cup that year. That year will know the Shahzada appeared at Ascot. "Have you seen the Shahzada?" took the place of the catch phrase, "Have you seen the Shah?" which had for many years been in vogue.

* * *

The Parting with the Ameer's Son.

For a whole fortnight the Queen and Prince of Wales (King Edward) danced attendance upon the Shahzada from Kabul, as if he had had the keys of England in his pocket. At last, when all the Royal reviews and state parties were over, the Queen took formal leave of the

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 89.

zada at Buckingham Palace, and the Prince of Wales called at his residence for "a parting shake." Then the Royalties breathed freely for the first time for the two whole weeks. The formal farewell over, the Shahzada should, of course, have left England at once. But, being an Oriental, he did nothing of the kind. For weeks after he continued to swank about London, not always keeping the best of company, and making himself not a little ridiculous after all the homage that had been paid him. The Queen and Prince were much annoyed by His Highness's goings-on, but nothing could be done; and it was not until a diplomatic intimation was conveyed to the Shahzada that he cleared out, and sought fresh fun in gay Paree.

* * *

A Black King with a Personality.

An African potentate who came to this country for the Coronation of King Edward was the King of the Barotsi. He was a monarch with a remarkable personality, though little is heard of him in these peaceful days. Lewanika of Barotseland was a remarkable instance of the effect of British influence upon the happiness of a great African people. In 1877, when King Lewanika ascended the throne of his ancestors, he heralded his arrival by ordering seven of his officials to have their throats cut in a single day. The reign of terror which he inaugurated was so horrible that a revolt was provoked, and Lewanika was compelled to flee, narrowly escaping death. His eldest son, Litia, escaped with him to the coast, but all his other sons and several of his daughters were massacred, and it was not till 1885 that he was restored to power, and then only by the aid of the British Government. But during his absence the King of the Basutos had conquered the Barotsi, and established himself upon the Barotsi throne. After King Sebatsane's death, another Basuto ruled the Barotsi, but his rapacity and cruelty soon led to another revolt, and then it was that Lewanika was again received amongst his old subjects. But exile had taught King Lewanika a fine lesson.

King Lewanika comes under Christian Influence.

He had come under the influence of the missionaries; and when next he appeared upon the Barotsi throne he was a "changed man." No more wholesale slaughters characterised his rule; instead, he brought the French and Wallachian missions to the reformation of his country, and eventually he applied to the British Government to establish a protectorate in Barotseland, and to assist him to further the prosperity of his people. The British Government gladly took on the job, though another revolt was nearly precipitated, the Barotsis objecting to what they at first took for treachery on the part of King Lewanika. But the dusky potentate merely pointed to the similar cases of King Khama of the Bhamangwato, to Linchwe, chief of the Bakalta, to Sebele of the Bakuena, to Bathoen, chief of the Bhanwaketsi, to Ikaneng of the Bhanalete, and to the reigning potentates of Bechuanaland, all of whom had come within British influence, and who were the better for it.

* * *

The "Englishation" of the Barotsis.

Under King Lewanika Barotseland was soon reformed completely. His first institution was the Sunday day of rest. Lewanika did this by following the old English custom of a church parade. On Sunday, therefore, all work is stopped, and the Royal retinue and the army of slaves (who are slaves now only in name) march off to Church, everybody carrying himself with huge dignity, and followed at the end of the procession by the Queen. This lady is not King Lewanika's wife, but his sister—rather a cute arrangement, where the Royal wives are plentiful, and the numerous children always fighting amongst themselves as to which is going to be selected by the King to succeed him. Civilisation and barbarity go curiously hand in hand in Barotseland, and the Queen's church parade is distinctly funny to the European eye. In front of Her Majesty march four of the royal servants in single file. The first is a sort of usher; the second carries the King's youngest son on his head; the third carries a camp stool for the Queen to sit upon; and the fourth holds the Queen's umbrella. The whole show forcibly reminds one of the four "pokermen" who precede the Vice-Chancellor in his little trips up and down the High Street at Oxford.

* * *

The Great Future of Barotseland.

The Queen is usually dressed in a large pink poke bonnet, emerald-green dress, a black velvet and gold-embroidered shawl, and veldtschoen (or Dutch shoes) on her feet, and she carries an ivory sceptre, while her husband follows in a high hat and tweed suit. But times are changing rapidly in King Lewanika's country, and the capital, Lealui, is destined to become an important railway junction, at which it is anticipated large commercial interests will concentrate. The mineral wealth of the country is enormous, and the Chartered Company, who now administer it, state that Barotseland is destined to become one of the richest copper-producing districts of the world. Lewanika's territory is larger than Germany, and is, too, a glorious big-game country. Travellers encounter immense herds of gnu, zebra, eland, buffalo, and red-buck. The country is still the home of the splendid giraffe, whilst the alligator slumbers on the mud banks of the noble Zambesi, in which hippopotami wallow. Elephants are hunted for their ivory, all of which is the property of King Lewanika. Consequently King Lewanika received a very cordial welcome in London when he was seen here, and all his people have cause to bless the day that British influence triumphed in his country.

* * *

An "Entertainable" African King.

Of all the African monarchs who are annually seen in this country only one is in the position of being "entertainable" by the aristocracy of Britain. He is the Sultan of Zanzibar, and, having been educated at Harrow and Oxford, he is "quite English" in his habits and ways of thought. He has been the guest of the Lansdownes and important members of the Peerage, and is on the best of terms with the First Family. He comes amongst us quietly and unostentatiously, and one of his greatest friends is Sir Clement Hill, M.P., who looked after his father during his visit to England in 1875, and afterwards had a great deal to do with shaping the destinies of the East African Protectorate, especially at a time when "slavery in Zanzibar" was a rallying cry at Radical meetings.

BLUE BLOOD.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 94.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Terrible Tango.

Scarcely has the dust of a heated controversy in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* on the merits of the Boston and the Turkey Trot died down, when the whole subject is revived by *The Times*, and now all the London dailies, without exception, and a good many of the weeklies, are engaged in playing up an excellent silly season topic for every ounce of its worth. The Great Tuppenny set the ball a-rolling by the publication of a letter signed "A Peeress"—a member of the aristocracy whose pedigree probably would have to be sought in the archives of Printing House Square rather than in Burke or Debrett. Anyhow, it was an excellent start, and the letters that are rolling in are sufficient to quench the most inveterate thirst for cheap copy.

* * *

Is it Indecent?

We do not propose to conduct an enquiry into the ethics of the Boston and the Turkey Trot, which are already stale topics, but the threatened—it is as yet little more than threatened—appearance of the Tango in English ball-rooms is a matter which does call for comment. The desirability of the Boston is entirely a matter of individual performance. Properly and gracefully danced by a stalwart young man and a charming girl it is as harmless and as pretty a dance as has ever been seen in a ball-room, and quite devoid of objectionable features. Otherwise it may, and sometimes does, degenerate into a series of lascivious wriggles which are disgusting to the beholder and in which no pure-minded girl should allow herself to participate. Much the same thing may be said of the Turkey Trot, which is only a degree or two worse and more boisterous, the principal objection to its presence in a Society ball-room being that it always seems reminiscent of the coster and his donah footing it on Hampstead Heath, or of the crude gambols of dusky plantation beauties and their swains.

* * *

The Movements of the Tango.

The Tango, which has captured *tout Paris*, having found its way there from Argentina (and, by the way, the Argentines are IT in Paris just now, the North American millionaire having had to take a back seat, chiefly because he has been surpassed in reckless extravagance and the determination to have a good time, and hang the expense), is quite another and a more objectionable form of legalised hugging. It is frankly indecent, and there is no getting away from the fact. It is quite impossible here to give a vivid description of the dance as seen in Paris, but it may be said briefly that in effect the Tango is a double *danse du ventre*, with all its voluptuous suggestiveness intensified by the fact that it is danced (or wriggled) by two persons of opposite sex with their bodies in close juxtaposition. It is a kind of apotheosis of the delirious imaginings of a lascivious Mohammedan under the influence of opium. Need we say more to indicate that the Tango must not be allowed to establish itself in a decent English ball-room.

* * *

The Queen and Mr. Asquith.

A kindly Balsall Heath gentleman scolds us very severely for the paragraphs in last week's issue regarding the Queen's attitude to Mr. Asquith. Well, even a Queen may have her likes and dislikes, and beyond official civilities (which, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case) we really cannot see that Her Majesty is bound to accept as a friend a person she doesn't care for—even if he happens to be Prime Minister. It will be remembered that Queen Victoria found it very difficult at first to be even decently civil to Mr. Gladstone. Although our correspondent says he has no politics and is fairly broad-minded, he has apparently been so annoyed by the innocent pars in question that he has decided to discontinue buying our paper. We are sorry, but will try hard to survive the shock. He concludes a letter which caused us to shed salt tears by remarking "There is a lot more I could write, but I don't see the use of wasting time." Pity he didn't think of that sooner!

Edgbaston Aristocrats.

There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in lordly Birmingham suburb of Edgbaston. In spite strenuous opposition from the residents the Corporation time ago obtained the necessary powers to lay down a line along Hagley Road, and the system will soon be ning order. Nothing daunted by the failure of their to prevent the incursion of the "poor man's motor the Edgbastonites are determined to make things as as possible for their poorer neighbours, with whom object to associate any more closely than is absolutely sary—such association, for instance, as spending the which the labour of the Birmingham working-man duced. Hence "the authorities" (useful phrase) are worried to provide first-class cars at slightly increased and to employ only single-deckers, which won't raise the and won't awaken the Edgbaston aristocrat from his noon nap.

* * *

"Glad Rags" and Grime.

A petition presented to the Tramways Committee (amongst other things): "Another annoyance of the cars is that they are largely used by artisans who necessarily must travel to and from their work in their working clothes. Residents in our district will naturally feel an objection travelling with such fellow-passengers."

The somewhat injudicious wording of the last sentence has caused great resentment among the Birmingham "artisans," that is to say, the great majority of the population, but, candidly, we see little reason for cries of snobbery. The fact remains that the close proximity of, say, a sweep in his working attire, especially on a wet day, is not desirable, and even the sweep's own wife prefers him at a distance if she is arrayed in her "Sunday best." In spite of the unfortunate tone of the petition we take it that it is the clothes that are the objection, and not necessarily the people they contain. If the latter, the best thing for the Edgbastonites is to stick to their motor-cars and refrain from using the trams they did not want; or, if that is too much, to travel at the particular hours when working people are making their way to and from the city. It is a curious fact, by the way, that ladies (and ladies are the chief complainers in this particular instance) seem entirely unable to arrange their shopping so that they may use the trams when other traffic is at the slackest. The most crowded periods of the day have an irresistible attraction to them.

* * *

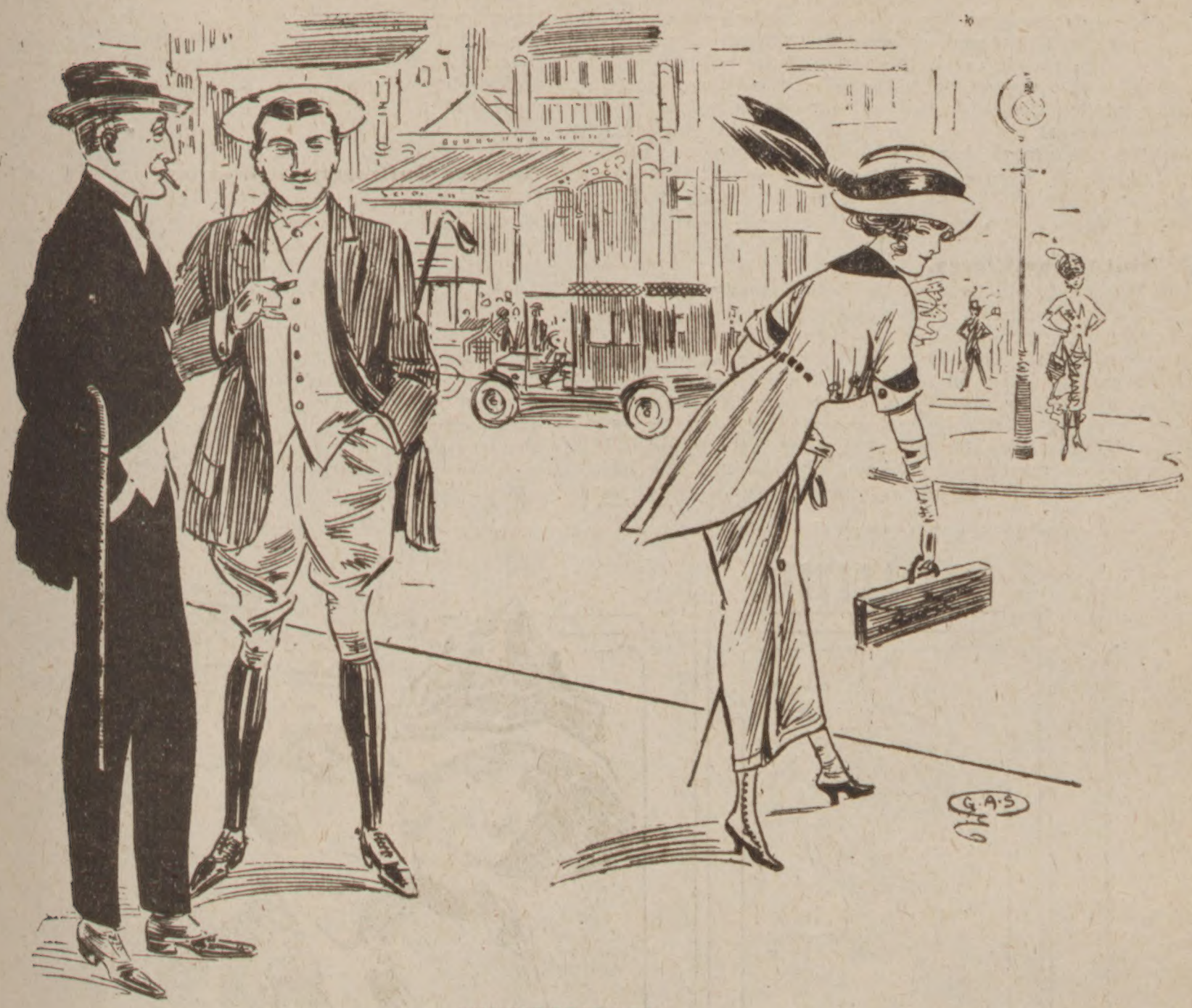
What is a Lady?

Another irritating little habit, which is by no means peculiar to the fair sex, was the cause of an assault case heard in Mr. Fordham's court at West London last week. A "lady" with a large disregard for other people's feelings and convenience occupies the foreground, a railway [illegible]

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE:
"HIVE AN' HOE" (IVANHOE).

SEE PAGE

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Not bad?"
"I don't know, music cases are so deceiving!"

booking-stall. Enter a man in a hurry to catch a train and carrying a bag which accidentally comes in contact with the lady. The lady retorts with a backward kick—two of them, to be precise—on the man's shin; heated words and blows pass, and the sequel is a police court case. The hearing of the case received prominence from a policeman's evidence that, indignantly repudiating the suggestion of "Suffragist tricks," the lady retorted that she was not a suffragette but "a respectable married woman"—(dear old phrase)—upon which Mr. Fordham drily commented, "I believe there *is* a distinction." The result was that the man was fined 40s. and costs, and the magistrate held that the lady's action in kicking out was quite natural. So that now we have it, on magisterial authority, that it is perfectly ladylike to kick a man's shins as a polite expression of annoyance at being accidentally jostled. In these militant days it becomes more and more difficult to distinguish the signs and actions of true gentility. We really must have a competition for the best answer to the question—"What is a lady?"

* * *

Three Years for 5s. 6d.

A young "respectably dressed" woman named Annie Skinner was sentenced by Mr. Montagu Sharpe at the Middlesex Sessions to *three years' penal servitude* for stealing a handbag and 5s. 6d. from the house where she lodged. It is only fair to state, however, that previous convictions were proved. Annie must go for bigger game next time and burn down a £20,000 mansion (or break a £40 plate-glass window, if she is not so ambitious). Then she will probably get three months in the second division and be able to please herself whether she serves it or not. Moreover, the Suffragettes would pay her a great deal more than 5s. 6d. for doing a pleasant little job of the kind indicated.

* * *

Automatic Liberality.

The slightly larger size—or, rather, thickness—of the newly-coined pennies is causing perturbation among the automatic machine people, as the coins sometimes stick fast in the interior mechanism and the wheels therefore refuse to go round. All this, however, is their funeral—and not the public's, except when a would-be customer is unable to get any return for the penny he has confidingly entrusted to the recesses of the automatic more or less universal provider. We learn that the mechanism of these machines is of varying kinds, that in the purveyors of something tangible, like chocolate or matches, being more delicate than in gramophone and similar machines, where only the senses of sight or sound are tickled. In these latter, said an automatic machine man the other day, great nicety is not required, as if they "are tampered with the loss is not so serious, and we make them *so easy that even a half-crown will work them.*" This example of the care and thoughtfulness of a generous supplier of the public needs strikes us as being particularly delicious. Of course, the automatic people are often victimised, but almost as frequently the public suffers from the reluctance of the machinery to part with money or goods, and the public also have a right to be protected against the breach of an implied contract to deliver the articles paid for.

* * *

An Advertising Genius.

We always like to encourage genius, and originality in the method of advertising oneself is a rare form of genius that deserves recognition. That is why we hasten to give a helping hand to Miss Violet Winter, of Barnes. The lady is a young music-hall artist and naturally wishes to gather as much of the limelight as possible. We reluctantly admit that her name was quite unknown to us a day or two ago, but of course everything must have a beginning. Nothing so hackneyed as losing her jewels, marrying a lordling, or being involved in a divorce suit has been selected by Miss Winter as an aid to that self-advertisement which leads to success. She chose instead an ingenuous *Express* reporter and unfolded to him a moving story of the recovery of sight in a blind eye by means of hypnotic suggestion—and the deed was done. She was launched—to the extent of a quarter-

MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 89.

column with star head-lines. To lend artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative, in the story of the "remarkable cure" the name of the miracle-working hypnotist is given and also that of the lady's cousin, who, quite incidentally, of course, also happens to be in the public entertaining line. Comment is unnecessary, except perhaps the remark that if anybody concerned was blind in one eye at the time of the press interview, it certainly was not the lady. Neither was there much trace of verdure in her organs of sight.

* * *

A Hint to the Clergy.

A Pennsylvanian man with a shrewd knowledge of human nature has invented a church collecting box which ought to please some of "Sub Rosa's" parish clergymen. If a dime is dropped in the box a tiny bell tinkles; a nickel sounds a small whistle, and a penny causes a whirr like the winding of a clock. More valuable coins are accepted in appreciative silence, though silence is not necessarily golden, for even a miserable quarter dollar fails to ring the bull's-eye bell. The idea presents alluring possibilities. No doubt a little adjustment of the mechanism would make it possible for the harmless necessary button to evoke a tune in rag-time, while the lively strains of "Possum Up a Gum-tree" would betoken the fact that somebody had contributed a succulent jujube, and the lugubrious Dead-broke March would show that there was absolutely nothing doing.

* * *

Another Suffragette Grievance.

As we have said before, the great thing some of the Suffragette maniacs are after is publicity, and this is exemplified by the latest complaint at the Marylebone Police Court last Tuesday. Miss Boyle and Miss Munro must have known that they could not expect the least sympathy in their "'orrible story" of the "scandalous conditions that prevail in prison vans." One does not expect the luxury of a Pullman car in such vehicles, which are made for the use of criminals. Pigs make the pigsty, and if the Suffragettes descend to the level of the pigs they must accept the conditions prevailing in pig-land. It is of their own free will that the militants become criminals, and they must put up with the consequences—even the temporary juxtaposition with other criminals.

She (on the honeymoon): "Oh, Alfred! how nice it would be if we could have this compartment all to *ourselves.*"
He (absent-mindedly): "We shall, dear, the guard knows me."

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 89.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Whether a certain noble lord, supposed to be one of the finest sportsmen in the country, would not suffer considerable damage in the matter of public opinion if certain facts connected with a recent race-meeting became known?

* * *

Why Lord Newton and his clerical parasites continue to hammer away at their "Betting Inducements Bill" when all that they claim as harmful has already been frankly and ungrudgingly conceded by the general sporting press.

* * *

Whether "spite" is not the appropriate term with which to describe the action of the Royal Aero Club, in withdrawing the competitor's certificate from M. Brindejonc des Moulinais for his unintentional infringement of its rules?

* * *

Why ambitious Channel fliers continually run the risk of becoming mere "drops in the ocean"?

* * *

If Mr. Walter Eric Knowles, of independent means, really did have £3,500 stolen from him by means of the "confidence trick," must he not be realising now that his actions were characterised by more than a little foolishness?

* *

Where is Mr. Herbert Hymans, the City merchant, who disappeared from Brighton pier some weeks ago? Why do his friends scout the idea of suicide? And are there not some things which a man will conceal even from his friends?

* *

Does Mr. Alexander R. Craig, an oculist employed in the public service at Cairo, realize now that, whatever may be the custom obtaining in Egypt, oculists—however distinguished—must not kick men—even carcleaners — in the British Isles?

* *

What sort of reparation will Tattersall's make to Lieutenant Middleton O'Malley, whom they recently posted as a defaulter, as the result of a fraudulent use of his name by a butler, formerly in his service?

* *

Is not Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester, rather proceeding to an extreme of prudence—or shall we say prudery—when he warns girls that they should not "buy scent or other articles at their door, as so many things may contain drugs"? Or does he imagine that every girl should be padlocked in a glass case, only to be unlocked on the production of an order signed by a committee of magistrates and clergymen?

* * *

When the proposed National Theatre is to become a fact; what chance of success is anticipated, and whether it would not greatly improve matters if certain members now on the committee were asked to resign in favour of others who are not merely on the look out for titles and fat salaries?

* * *

Whether the "call of the blood" will not prove too strong for "Titch" Mason, the retiring jockey, and whether it is not more than probable that we shall see him back again in the saddle before long?

* * *

Whether the interview between the headmaster and the three schoolboys, who put dummy explosives in a train, was not a particularly painful one, and whether, in consequence, they have been granted the privilege of eating their meals off the mantelpiece for some time to come?

* *

Why the well-known stockbroker who was overheard discussing a pending suit with his lawyer assumed such a gloomy expression when assured by the latter of his ability to obtain "strict justice."

* * *

What is the story George Robey tells about himself with regard to Dan Rolyat? And whether it is entirely true or not, how does Dan relish it?

* * *

Did not the conductor of the orchestra at a Balham picture-theatre forget himself the other evening when he told the first violin to "Stow thi gab and don't be a fooil" in unmistakable Yorkshire accents, considering he is billed as Herr Johanne ——, of Milan?

* * *

Whom have George Graves, Neil Kenyon, George Formby, Tom Edwards, Olga, Elga, and Eli Hudson, and Frank and Vesta to thank for a command to perform before the King and Queen at Knowsley Hall in July, when Their Majesties are to stay there as the guests of Lord Derby? And could not a very prominent variety agent throw some light on the matter?

* *

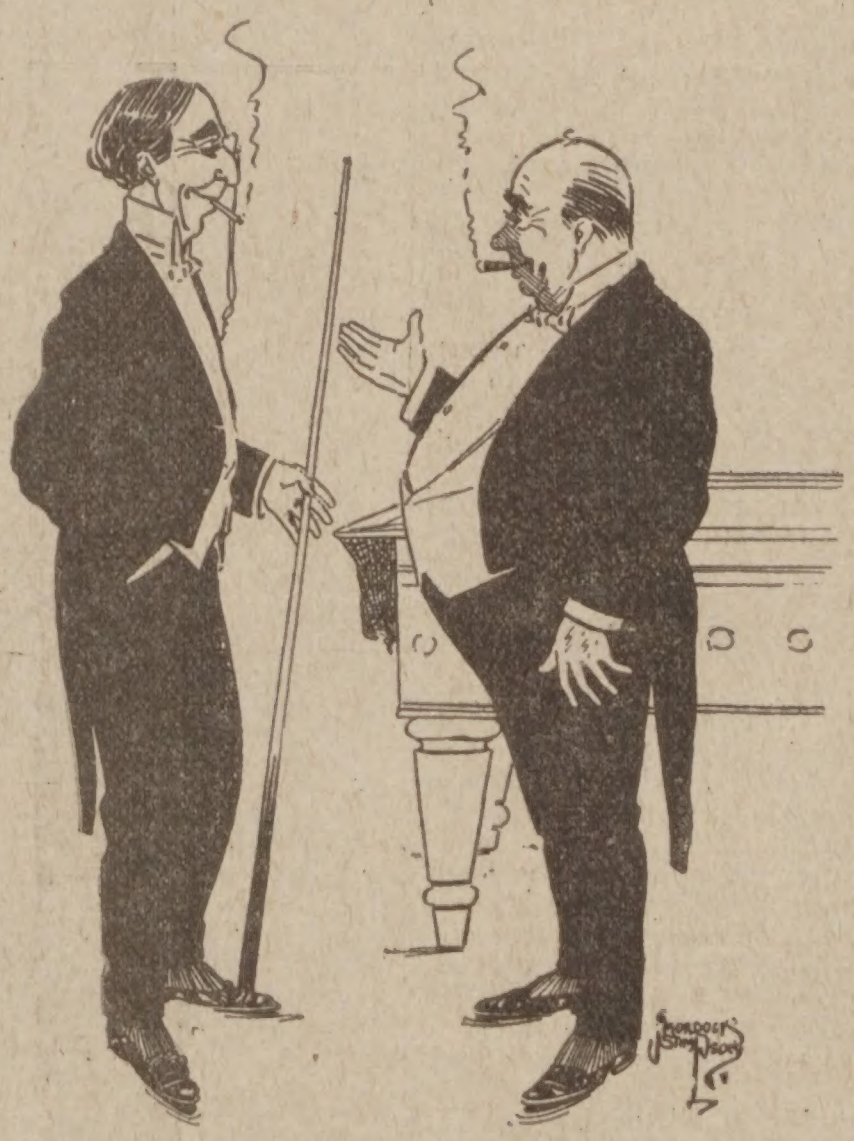
Why is it that nowadays Society engagements are so frequently broken off? It was only a week or two ago that an engagement which had previously been announced between a nobleman's daughter and a subaltern of title in a crack regiment was broken off with a simple statement in the newspapers. And this is one of many instances. What is the cause of this growing increase in the number of discontinued engagements between Society men and maids every year?

* *

The reason is not far to seek. It lies in the far greater freedom enjoyed nowadays by girls—in Society as elsewhere—than was the case in their grandmothers', or even their mothers' young days. Flirtations, which in those days could be kept by discreet chaperons within the bounds of harmlessness, are nowadays very dangerous things indeed. And it is an unpleasant thing to say—but it is none the less true—that a very great many girls in their second or third year of social life—aye, not a few *débutantes*, indeed—are hardly of the type which a man wishes to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, until the end of his days.

* * *

That is why so many men nowadays, after entering into an engagement, find out some charmingly spicy little episode—or passage of episodes—in the career of their intended helpmates; and, naturally, this is generally enough to make them desirous of terminating the engagement. This is easy enough in most cases, for the young lady's parents are generally quite amenable to reason. They would not "kick" anyhow, for any idea of an *esclandre* is anathema to them. So the "lovers" say a languid "good-bye"; there is a curt announcement in the papers; and each sets to work looking for a life-partner who is more suitable from their respective points of view.



WOULD YOU *CREDIT* IT.

First Club Man: "How's that? Just made a break of fifty."

Second Club Man: "Oh a mere nothing, dear boy, I'm going to break for five thousand to-morrow."

OUR SHORT STORY:

CÆSAR'S WIFE.

Everything to do with Mr. Charles Tinkleton-Smith was intensely respectable. He required it so to be. As to the lady who bore his name he frequently quoted, with high approval, the saying of Cæsar about *his* wife. In short, it was the proud boast of Mr. Tinkleton-Smith (who, by-the-bye, was of a choleric nature) that no breath of scandal could ever attach to his establishment.

And now, under his very nose, his wife had gently clasped another man's hand, and softly murmured "Come along, dearie."

These outrageous proceedings took place as they were leaving the Covent Garden Opera House amongst a crowd of other people at three in the morning after the Arts Club ball. In the press he had fallen slightly behind, and as they came out of the theatre he distinctly caught these endearing words addressed by Mrs. Tinkleton-Smith to a stranger, and saw her take the latter's hand.

Then he, Charles Tinkleton-Smith, exploded. To say he was merely angry would be as inadequate as to compare Vesuvius with a squib.

He hurled himself alongside the stranger.

"The lady whose hand you have taken happens to be my wife, sir," choked out the furious husband.

"Congratulations to you," replied the other—a big man—smiling; "but I rather thought that she was holding my hand."

The noise made Mrs. Tinkleton-Smith look round.

"Oh, Charley," she said, with a faint scream and a start. "What a dreadful thing! I mistook this gentleman for you!"

"To avoid the possibility of any further misunderstandings, madam, you had better get home. Hi, there! Taxi." Then as she descended the steps he turned to the still smiling stranger and hissed out "And now, sir, give me your name and address."

"Don't be a silly ass," retorted the other. "Haven't you the gumption to see that your wife in the crush made a perfectly innocent blunder."

The pressure behind and shouts of "Move on, there!" forced Tinkleton-Smith forward. Mad with rage though he was, he had sufficient discretion left to give his address in so low a tone to the chauffeur of the taxi, the open door of which was before him, as to prevent any possibility of the treacherous stranger hearing it.

The night was very foggy and well suited to the black frame of mind of the jealous husband. With coat-collar well turned up and keeping far apart from the muffled figure of his wife in the opposite corner, he considered upon the next step his dignity and reputation required him to take. "Mistake indeed!" repeated Mr. Tinkleton-Smith bitterly to himself. "Amongst decent, straightforward people such mistakes are impossible."

The taxi stopped. Out sprang Mr. Tinkleton-Smith. The chauffeur dismissed, he opened the door with elaborate politeness for his companion. Then, closing the door and switching on the light, he threw off his coat and exclaimed: "And now, madam, what have you to say to me?"

"This is not my house! You are not my husband! How dare you impersonate him and bring me here? Open that door at once, sir, or I'll scream the house down!" fell in a strange voice on his astounded ears.

He stared aghast at the speaker. It was not his wife! Save some resemblance in height and cloak there was no likeness between the two.

Overwhelmed by such an unexpected turning of the tables the unhappy Tinkleton-Smith feebly collapsed into a hall chair.

A taxi was heard to approach swiftly and stop outside. Someone sprang out and started alternatively to ring the bell, clap the knocker and kick the door. "Where's my wife?" bellowed the voice of a man.

"It's Horace!" shrieked the fair stranger, rushing past the helpless Tinkleton-Smith to the door. In her confusion her frantic efforts to open the latch failed. "Oh, Horry, dear," she wailed, "the monster won't let me out."

Giving a warning shout Horace and the chauffeur, with a joint assault, burst open the door.

The fair stranger threw herself into her husband's arms.

"You vile profligate!" shouted he to Tinkleton-Smith. "If the porter had not overheard the address I might have lost my angel for ever."

The row had brought down the servants, in various st... of deshabille, who were scathingly referred to by the fur... Horace as "the harem."

At this stage a third taxi brought Mrs. Tinkleton-S... to the door, to find her miserable partner crushed by adv... appearances into a condition of gasping speechlessness... looked like a cod's head at the fishmonger's—the centre ... an indignant and accusing crowd.

His sufferings moved her and she coaxed an explana... out of him.

After much turmoil Mr. and Mrs. Horace were satis... that Tinkleton-Smith's frame of mind at the theatre, ... mistake in stepping into the wrong taxi and forestalling ... laggard Horace, his upturned coat-collar and the fog ... night were the cause of his apparent abduction of Mrs. Hor... On his part T.-S. accepted gratefully his wife's assurance ... she had waited for some minutes in the taxi at the thea... and, as he did not join her, assumed he had huffily to... another cab.

Mr. Charles Tinkleton-Smith's favourite saying now ... "Appearances are most deceptive." Classical allusions ... strictly avoids.

CECIL HASTINGS.

Good-looking Doctor: "You're a bit run down, that's all, Mrs. Gladeye. I'll soon put you right."

Patient: "There's no need to hurry, Doctor."

It isn't always the best soap that makes the most suds.

* * *

Popularity consists mainly of allowing yourself to be h... once in a while.

* * *

The less certain some men are as to the soundness of th... arguments, the louder they talk.

* * *

It is an insult to one's morals to be called fast, and ... insult to one's intelligence to be called slow.

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Poet: All my life seemed to go into that poem. I was perfectly exhausted when I had finished writing it.
Our Sporting Editor: I can sympathise with you. I was in exactly the same condition when I had finished reading it.

* * *

THE PROOF.

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.
"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"
From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."

* * *

Parke: Bildat is certainly tied to his wife's apron strings.
Lane: Well, in these days he is lucky if he has a wife with apron strings.

* * *

"Do you really believe that smoking affects the memory?"
"Sure of it. This is the sixth cigar you have had from me this week, and you have never thought of offering me one in return."

* * *

OVER-CAPITALISED.

Post: Professor Talkem has ten letters after his name, but he doesn't know enough to go in when it rains.
Parker: Another distressing case of over-capitalisation.

* * *

Louie: Uncle, what's chagrin?
Uncle: Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs and jumps on a car that doesn't start for half an hour.

* * *

WHEN THEY'RE RIGHT.

"My dear," she asked, "are the umpires always wrong?"
"Not always," he replied. "Sometimes they give the home team the best of it."

* * *

AT THE ZOO.

The Descendant: "Shay, len' us thruppence till termorrer, wil'yer?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

DEAD GAME.

Photographer: "Full length, or bust?"
Uncle Si: "Sure! An' if she busts I guess I kin stand it."—*Judge.*

* * *

The chief difference between the "nut" and his grandfather is that one used to put all his money in his stocking, while the other puts all his into socks.

* * *

A TICKLISH TASK.

"St. Louis society women have engaged a professional pugilist to give them boxing lessons."
"If the man referees the bouts, it will keep him guessing to locate the shifting waist line."—*Judge.*

* * *

It is well enough to drink inspiration if the drink be not mixed with alcohol.

* * *

Nelly: What's chaos, Johnny?
Johnny: Chaos? Oh—ah—yes—chaos is a great heap of nothing and nowhere to put it.

* * *

Enquiring Child: Mother, have we any ancestors?
Mother: No, dear; they're all dead.

* * *

After all, the upper crust is made of the same dough as the lower.

* * *

The woman of twenty will do everything for a man—or nothing; the woman of forty will do anything he thinks necessary.

* * *

POLITENESS.

Son: Why do people say "Dame Gossip"?
Father: Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."—*Vermont Crabbe.*

* * *

Two doctors met for the first time at a reception. Both were famous, though each adopted a different system of treatment. Said the one, loftily, as he shook the other by the hand, "I am glad to meet you as a gentleman, sir, though I can't admit that you are a physician."
"And I," said the other, smiling faintly, "am glad to meet you as a physician, though I can't admit that you are a gentleman."—*Argonaut.*

* * *

BETTER TURN OVER.

Fay: Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?
May: I guess not. He's like an hourglass.
Fay: An hourglass?
May: Yes; the more time he gets, the less sand he has.—*Philadelphia Times.*

* * *

She: I think nothing is more improper than Evelyn's bathing suit!
He: I should say it was!—*Princeton Tiger.*

* * *

NO SHOULDER STRAPS.

"She wore a coming-out gown."
"So?"
"Yeh! I stepped on it. She came out!"—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 89.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

OR WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Why the Dowager Marchoness of Bristol so hurriedly left town for Paris immediately her relatives, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol, arrived from the country for the season?

* * *

What some of our twentieth century flappers would have to say on the subject if an attempt were made to carry out the theory propounded in "The Seven Sisters," and all those of marriageable age were kept in curtailed frocks and dingy corners until the elder branches of the family had proved successful in their husband hunting?

* *

How much of the original version of the play had to be cut out for the purpose of suiting it to the requirements of the English stage? And whether its merit as a comedy has not been greatly depreciated in consequence?

* *

Why it is that certain members of the fair sex cannot resist the temptation of scandal-mongering at Turkish baths; whether the costume of the moment is conducive to the "naked truth," and whether the particular establishment in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square hasn't heard some queer revelations of late?

* *

Whether the famous Elixir of Villars, so much in vogue in Paris during the eighteenth century, is to be revived and once more included among the toilet secrets of modern beauty aspirants?

* *

Whether the decorative basque now being used in the design of the latest summer frocks is in anticipation of another kind of "bask"—the sort best enjoyed in a hammock on a hot day?

* *

Whether the chic Parisian modiste, who advertises a special hat "creation" as representing a "crystal cascade," would recommend the same to customers suffering from water on the brain?

HIS INSPIRATION GIRL.

* * *

What was the true version of the "Kittie Weston" affair, and who was the "benevolent" gentleman who gave her £100 to "lead a respectable life"?

* * *

Whether the magnificent yacht figuring in the production of "Brewster's Millions" at the Prince's Theatre is not quite the most realistic of stage effects, and whether the rolling and pitching of the storm-tossed vessel has the effect of adding zest to little Miss Lilias Earle's appetite for supper?

* * *

Whether "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Taxi," one of the many attractions of the forthcoming Theatrical Garden Fête, will fulfil all the illusive promise of its title, and be dirt cheap at "eightpence a mile?"

Whether "Curley" Hutton is not chortling greatly at sudden retirement from the control of the Canadian Mil of General Mackenzie?

* * *

And whether the gallant ex-Commander of the Domin forces did not give General Mackenzie timely warning "what he might expect" before that officer went to Canad

* * *

Whether Oriental wearers of the pig-tail would recogn in "The Yellow Jacket" a Chinese version of Bernard Sh

* * *

Whether the American woman, Mrs. Brooklins, co think of no better excuse for the annulment of her marria than that of having been hypnotised into it by her husba and whether there are not others amongst us who mig consider ourselves justified in attributing our matrimon ventures to the same cause—since there is often no ot logical explanation?

* * *

Whether the Baroness Vaughan is postponing the writi of her reminiscences un after her third plunge in the stormy waters matrimony, when another experience will added to the long list those already tabulated literary reference?

* *

Whether Scotland Y is prepared to accept Countess de la Rochef cauld's theory that t play an important part the science of criminolo and if so, who will be trusted with the duties training the new "ch podial detective corp

* *

Why the American St of Nevada has come to decision that a murder should have the privile of choosing the manner his own death?

* *

Whether the Russ strikers who were indu to return to work means of the explosion a bomb beneath the floor the room in which th leaders were holding conclave, were not mo "struck" by the persu sive methods of their em ployers?

* *

Whether the "Order the Golden Fleece," w King Alfonso has stowed upon M. Poinca isn't about the only one of the sort for which recipient has *not* to fleeced?

* *

Whether the you King of Uganda, about pay a visit to town, is ing so in the hope of re cruiting a few suitable houris for his harem?

* * *

Whether it is not well known that Lord Edward FitzGer has behaved cruelly to little May Etheridge? And why has now backed out of his engagement to the pretty Gai girl?

* * *

Why women of the Mrs. Macdonald type, who ride abo in taxis and then refuse to pay their fares, are not dea with more severely by officiating magistrates?

* * *

Why the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover is still known the Honeymoon Hotel?

* * *

Whether Laurence Oliphant's new novel, "The Trage will go far?

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 94.

Whether "A Page in a Man's History" is the sort of page which we are properly supposed to leave uncut?

* * *

Whether the Gaekwar is going to take any proceedings on his arrival in England against the scurrilous ex-Bombay editor who has so wickedly pursued His Highness in the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* since he returned from India?

* * *

Whether the garter of Princess Victoria Louise will not have to be an exceptionally large one if it is to be divided, according to custom, among the numerous guests present at the wedding?

* * *

Whether the chance of a Jacob's ladder in any of the 240 pairs of stockings included in her trousseau is not rather remote?

* * *

And whether, on the whole, she is not to be looked upon as a particularly fortunate young person?

* * *

Whether "The Doll Girl," which Mr. Frohman is to produce in New York in the autumn, would not make a better hit as "The Drôle Girl"?

* * *

Whether "The Glad Eye" really owed any of its success to the version?

* * *

Whether the fascination of the foot-lights and the insatiable thirst for public applause has anything to do with Mrs. Reginald Loder's (Miss Gabrielle Ray's) suit in the Divorce Court for restitution of conjugal rights?

* * *

Whether her Lord Ranfurley has not given up London for this year in consequence of his son's goings-on with a certain lady before he married Miss Cooper? And whether Lord Ranfurley is ever likely to find himself inside Buckingham Palace? And why he did not marry the lady whom he "left on the mat"?

* * *

THE BILL.

Young Wife (approaching milliner's): "Could you give me a little money, dear?"
The Other One: "Certainly, my dear; about how little?"

THE BILLET-DOUX.

Jimmy Tetheridge strode into his wife's boudoir waving a slip of pink "bijou" notepaper dramatically in one hand.

"What is the meaning of this, if you please?" he demanded excitedly, thrusting it unceremoniously before the tip of her daintily powdered nose.

In a glance she recognised it as the note she had slipped into the pocket of Dicky Warrington's coat as it hung upon the hall-stand on the previous evening. Her heart gave one violent thump, and then seemed to lie perfectly still. Visions of the Divorce Court and other unpleasant things passed in a flash before her mind.

"I found it in my overcoat pocket this morning, and as it was clearly not intended for *me* I should like to know for whom it *was*. I may then have the opportunity of returning it to the lucky man—with apologies."

Jimmy could be very sarcastic when he liked.

"I—I—what *do* you mean?" she gasped weakly, crouching back upon the cushions of the divan on which she sat.

"I think my meaning is perfectly clear," he replied, "but in case you should require further enlightenment I will oblige by reading the effusion out to you. 'My own dearest Bubbles,—With my whole soul thrilling at the memory of your last kiss, the last clasp of your hands, the last glance from your eyes, I take up my pen to write you these few lines. I love you. I——"

"Stop! stop!"

Stung to action by the lash of the man's sarcasm the woman sprang suddenly to her feet, snatched the note from his hands and fled with it to the further end of the room, where she stood, the sunlight falling full upon her fair hair, her brain striving desperately to grapple with the problem before it.

The man watched her, conscious—even in his present state of mind—of the graceful poise of her head, the beauty of the girlish figure which showed beneath the clinging folds of the delicate sea-green peignoir.

Suddenly the inspiration she sought came to her.

Throwing back her head she burst into a long, merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, you great big goose!" she cried. "I never did think you could be so silly."

The man gazed at her in astonishment.

"If you would kindly explain?" he suggested.

"This is a—er—*love*-letter," she volunteered, as though imparting some, as yet, undreamed-of piece of information.

"So I presume."

"And to whom, pray, should I be wanting to write love-letters but you?"

"Well, isn't that exactly what I want to find out?" he returned exasperatedly.

For a moment she did not reply. Then she asked suddenly:

"Yesterday was the first time you wore the overcoat this season, wasn't it?"

He stared at her in surprise.

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"And, of course, it's been lying by in the spare-room wardrobe ever since—ever since we came back from the honeymoon," she continued, musingly.

The man looked at her suddenly, fixedly. A light was beginning to dawn upon him.

"You don't mean—it isn't possible that—that—"

"That the note has been lying there with it," she finished. "Yes, I suppose so. It seems like it. You see there is no date on it?"

He examined it eagerly for a moment, then dropped upon his knees besides the lounge where she had reseated herself.

"Kiddy—Kiddy, darling!" he exclaimed, with all the ardour of a boy in his first love. Then, convinced that there existed no greater brute in all creation than himself, his arms tightened about his wife's supple waist, drawing her close up to him.

"What a brute—what an absolute brute you must think me," he whispered contritely into the laces that hid her bosom. "Darling, say that you forgive me!"

There was silence in the room while his lips sought the pretty red ones offered to him. Then he said thoughtfully, as he sniffed at the "billet-doux" which had caused all the trouble:

"How curiously it has retained its perfume! It smells as strong as though it had just come out of your writing case."

There was another and longer pause before he added wistfully.

"You never write me letters like this now. Don't you think you—you might—sometimes?"

Moral.—Never give a love-letter date or address.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 84.

TABLOID TOPICS.

A *Daily Telegraph* "Agony": "X.—Meanwhile he has given us a hundred.—H." Halves!

* * *

"Alleged Fraud on Old Master," runs a head-line. Sent it to a Post-Impressionist gallery, no doubt.

* * *

"Appendicitis is often the cause of depression," said a doctor at a Westminster inquest last Monday. Financial?

* * *

Miss Gabrielle Ray is suing for the restitution of conjugal rights. Evidently she doesn't find it all Merry to be a grass Widow.

* * *

It is proposed to establish a diploma of Business at Oxford. In future, therefore, B.B. will not necessarily denote softness.

* * *

The Duke of Devonshire's £40,000 "easement" claim is so-called because it implies easing the Derwent Valley Water Board of much hard-earned cash.

* * *

"Mothers' Day," at the London Central Y.M.C.A. last Sunday, was signalised by the delivery of an address on "Woman" by Mr. J. J. Virgo. Oh, Gemini!

* * *

"It takes all sorts to make a world," said a Kingston solicitor defending a three-card expert. But only two kinds—the sharp and the flat—in this particular parallel.

* * *

A recent addition to the Zoo is a Brazilian tree-porcupine, which feeds on leaves and bark, and never drinks. In appearance, also, it has many points of superiority over the home-bred "nut."

* * *

A lunatic inmate of an asylum at Nantes, we read, can calculate in a few seconds such problems as "How many billions of seconds were there in the life of Methuselah?" Nobody but a lunatic would.

* * *

Medicine Hat, Canada, offers free gas for five years to manufacturers establishing themselves there. In this country we pay £400 a year for the same period to men who are able to manufacture their own.

* * *

The candidature for the Albanian throne of Prince Frederick William of Wied is regarded with favour. He is expected to do wonders in extending the cultivation of Turkish tobacco in the new kingdom.

* * *

Dr. Flinders Petrie has discovered near Cairo the remains of a lady member of the "Guild of Cake-Sellers of Memphis," dating from the first century. Now we know the origin of that railway bun we tried to eat last week.

* * *

Our tame punster remarks that Miss Victoria Monks Gruhler was evidently determined to live up to her name, and that after the lady's exhibition of Wragge time it was no wonder Florence didn't want any Moore.

* * *

The T.O.T. boxes placed in the Underground stations are not a subtle advertisement of a whisky distiller, as was at first thought. The disappointment of the habitues of the last train, when they hasten to accept the invitation to take one, is intense.

* * *

Mr. A. C. Chapman told the Sir John Cass Technical Institute that "in some parts of Germany it is an offence for any grower to have a male hop in his garden." After he has stopped growing he can have a stag party, a hen convention, a turkey trot, a bunny hug, or any old thing.

* * *

Dr. Page, the new U.S.A. Ambassador, says that during his term of office there will be no knee-breeches as far as he can see. As the gentleman is not excessively corpulent, but has a nodding acquaintance with his own understandings, the court costumiers have despairingly put up the shutters.

* * *

Lisbon, May 13 (by mail).—There is a general atmosphere of secrecy and mystery here that portends serious happenings presently.
after it had passed through the censor's hands lacked the last three words.—*Daily Mirror.*

And by the time the proof-reader had finished with it the head had been chopped off too.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" typographical error in our literary columns, leaving advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 3), sign your name and address and mark your letter "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance, postcards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is a matter of individual taste. Current issue only. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

The 5s. this week goes to

MISS (or MRS.) ANNIE WELCH,
20, Upper West Street, REIGATE, SURREY,

who detected the misprint "Fashon" for "Fashion" in Society Women article.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR COMPETITION.

We offer a weekly prize of 5s. for the best example of unconscious humour culled from the contemporary Press. Underline the words which strike you as being funny (either by reason of evident ignorance of the subject, omission, transposition of words, the vagaries of a compositor or other blunder) upon the actual cutting—to which must be attached sufficient of the journal concerned to permit of identification—and post it to us, with your name and address, in an envelope marked "Unconscious Humour," to arrive not later than first post Wednesday. Short, topical specimens will stand the best chance.

Last week's prize is awarded to

Mr. J. W. MAYNARD,
10, Mayfair Avenue, Cranbrook Park, ILFORD,

for the following extract from the short story, "Blackmail," in last week's issue of this journal:—

"Dillon paused to light a cigarette, and blew out the match with half-shut eyes."

* * *

Other amusing specimens, with our comments thereon, will be found below:

Two more men, scaling a ladder, reached the open first-floor windows, and gained entrance by smashing two panes of glass with their axes.—*Birmingham Evening Dispatch.*

Less intrepid firemen would have wasted time by simply climbing through.

* * *

Northamptonshire's second innings commenced badly, as well, Hitch, who met with no success yesterday, doing execution among the early batsmen. He got East with 1 scored, whilst W. Denton and *Haywood* provided further victims for the fast bowler. Smith was tried in place of Rushby, and immediately got *Haywood*, who considered he had improved on his performances in the Oval match, when he had the mortification of bagging a brace.—*Evening News.*

The brace he succeeded in bagging this time must have given him more satisfaction.

* * *

Two choice extracts from the same column of the *Liverpool Evening Express*, referring to the Leicester meeting:

2.45.—Midland Maiden Plate of 100 sovs. 5 furlongs. "South Parade jumped off in front of Fanciful filly, Trifle broke, Bellechase, Bull's Eye and Trifle till a mile from home when Fanciful filly was beaten."

3.15.—Bell Selling Handicap of 250 sovs. One mile and a furlong.—"The favourite won hard held by six furlongs eight furlongs between the second and third." The "rans" hadn't even left their stables.

* * *

The Stockport Corporation are about to make extensive and alterations to the police builders in Warren Street, Stockport.—*The Industrial Daily.*

A change in the specifications would certainly be advisable. We have noticed one or two policemen lately whose chests have been put on warm and slipped down.

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 89.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

[illegible] is more annoying than a barefaced lie.

* * *

[illegible]'s intuition is a pleasanter term than feminine [illegible].

* * *

[illegible]ople have more aches and pains in their imaginations [illegible] elsewhere.

* * *

The man lacks enterprise who stands around waiting to [illegible]en to drink.

* * *

[illegible]rets are either too good to keep or people are not good [illegible]gh to keep them.

* * *

Figures don't lie, it's said. But now and then a naturally [illegible] woman's fairly perjures itself.

* *

Two classes of men have the sympathy of a spinster—those [illegible] are married and those who are not.

* * *

It's a wise man that knows his own wisdom, but it's a wiser [illegible] knows his own lack of that commodity.

Even a tombstone speaks well of a man when he is down.

* * *

Three is a crowd, except when Cupid is party of the third part.

* * *

A fellow feels like a dog when his wife believes his lies, and swears at her if she doesn't.

* * *

When woman most looks as if she didn't know you were looking, she most certainly does.

* * *

Isn't it surprising how many of your friends are broke when you want to make a touch?

* * *

If you have egotism, you talk about yourself; if you have enterprise, you hire a press agent.

* * *

Sculptors are wise. Not one of them has ever modelled a statue of a great man with his silk hat on.

* * *

If you would measure a man by his own standard, listen to what he has to say about his neighbours.

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 89.

IN STAGELAND.

Oswald Williams, the illustrative illusionist, who achieves distinction in that he is an American turn who is thoroughly desirable, had rather bad luck at Chiswick Empire last week, his beautiful wife (Miss Winifred le Barte) collapsing in full view of the audience shortly after his act opened! Both are now doing very well, we are glad to hear!

* * *

Miss Vesta Tilley and Tich are on the same bill with the above-mentioned artist at the Palladium at present. This comprises almost ideal entertainment as I understand it. Miss Tilley is absolutely right at the top of her form—each of her songs has become an exquisite little study of humorous human nature, and you can *hear* what she sings!

* * *

A MANAGER'S THEATRE IS HIS CASTLE.

A suggestion for Mr. Arthur Bourchier in view of future trouble.

*

The fate that has overtaken Mr. J. Salter Hansen is precisely what I had surmised would happen to any person wishing to tread a measure, so to speak, with Bourchier's ultra-forceful personality. As the solicitor, Thompson, in "A Woman in the Case," and the Labour Minister of "Trust the People," he was more the Bourchier of real life as I know him than the fictionary character of the authors' imagination in both cases.

* * *

There are sixteen stanzas of five verses apiece to the following delicate little morceau dedicated to Mr. J. Salter Hansen and entitled "A Poem of Pathos." In consideration for the editor's feeling, however, I give only one:—

A Yank has been folded in Crœsus,
And placidly pulled into pœsus.
"At the desk," remarks Bourchier,
"You may *pay* for your vourchier."
So now p'raps the police will relœsus!

I commend to your notice a charming turn by little lady in the person of Miss Elise Malpass. Her contrived blend of self-accompanied song with dan burlesque of really commendable quality would enab act to stand quite alone. She should carefully avoid ever, the obvious encroachment on Maidie Scott's and vocal scores frequently to be detected.

* * *

It will be observed that Mr. Geo. Edwardes the management of the Gilbert and Sullivan foretold last week.

* * *

It would appear that Lydia Yavorska name's Princess Bariatinsky—has found environment for her distinctly saucy "I heard of her in the "legitimate" drama—a the implied superiority is non-existent!—s plating the production of a cheery little native Russia entitled "The Living Corpse, Theatre. Since buried, I presume!

* * *

Mr. Albert de Courville, the lucky bride Miss Shirley Kellogg, of "Hullo! Ragtime cinnatti, is a brilliant young man. very much the way he has done it daily press with regard to the affair! First the big booming edition of "Hullo! Ragtime" by the of protest caused by Mrs. Thaw's appearance, and then the graceful that she shall only walk on at date; thereby adding a piquant the-lady" curiosity for his audie advertised indeed by the ideal

genuous innocence of their expert exp Courville.

* * *

Am exceedingly glad to hear that Their M occasion of their visit to Lord Derby at Know to enjoy as good and representative a variety could well be staged. Geo. Graves, Neil Kenn Edwards, Frank and Vesta, Geo. Formby, portant of all to my mind, Olga, Elgar a

* * *

The Hudsons have a mission! Variety they have inaugurated a type of Turn that is to the refined element so largely comprising ences. Be that as it may, we unfortunately have nise that the Hudsons' show is unique and the greater part, as genius of the kind possessed does not fall Variety's way! Mr. Eli Hudson director to the Gramophone Co. in addition cert and music-hall work.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION.

LADY FRANCES HOWARD.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

NO. 4 (NEW SERIES):

THE STRANGE STORY OF LADY FRANCES HOWARD, COUNTESS OF SOMERSET.

...he oldest families in the British Peerage have produced ... strange as well as many admirable characters, but it ...perhaps doubtful whether any noble family ever produced a ...man of such consummate wickedness as Lady Frances Howard, ...h came into the world as the sister of an Earl of Suffolk, ...h the whole of the Howards of Norfolk as her blood kins... The Howards have passed into an era of wonderful calm ...ering their tempestuous history during the last six cen... Never, too, were they so prosperous as now. Old ...del Castle, which a few years ago was almost falling to ... is now in course of a restoration of so thorough a ...at the Duke is going to spend a million pounds upon ...has already been under this process for twenty-five years, ...ll be for another. But in the stormy past, what dark ...s have been done by members of this ancient family—the ...ly, by the way, which ranks first among the subjects of the ...

Bride of Fourteen.

...here is no necessity to trace the ancestry of Lady Frances ...ard. She was the daughter of one of those Howard Earls ...Suffolk who achieved a separate coronet as far back as 1603. ...s first Earl of Suffolk was a son of one of those hardy old ...dons of Norfolk whose head was last seen on the top of a pike ...London Wall. Lady Frances Howard was thus born in an ...sphere of tragedy. And she justified these early precepts. ...ther, Lord Suffolk, was a thorough-paced ... and embezzler, who be... while her mother was a senorita from ...ed this country, and set an example of laxity ...ch made the name of Lady Suffolk a by-word in ...And Lady Frances's seven brothers and two sisters ...more or less tarred with this same brush of infamy. ...none of them went the lengths of wickedness of Lady ...which may have been due to the fact that she was the ...est member of Lord Suffolk's brood, and beauty, as every... ...is a dangerous commodity for a woman, in spite of ... advantages. Lady Frances's father's Town ...at old Charing Cross, and in the dark winter nights ...rances, like Cinderella in her corner, used to sit and ...about the dark deeds that their sister used to see enacted ...dream until her brothers and sisters used to chaff ...flames of the log fire. How little they knew that their ... was destined to come "true to life"!

Bride of Fourteen.

...is still the case, the Howards figured prominently at ...and their daughters were eagerly sought in marriage by ...best in the land. Early marriages were the vogue in those ...and marriages by proxy by no means rare. It was con... ...ed the thing to marry girls at an age which nowadays ...ld be regarded as criminal. So it fell out that before Lady ...ses had celebrated her fourteenth birthday she was betrothed ... who was expected to have a brilliant future. He was ...Devereux, Earl of Essex, and at the same time that ... was betrothed, her younger sister, who was twelve, ...rothed to Lord Cranborne, a lad of seventeen. Those ...desperate days for members of the nobility, and Lord ...'s father had also died upon the scaffold. The two young ...le, therefore, both had tragic associations, and as Lord ...since the death of his father, had been brought up by ...King, as the playmate of the Prince of Wales, he was sup... ...d to be a great match even for the daughter of the Howards.

Unlucky Marriage.

...hen Lady Frances and Lord Essex were wed, the cere... ...accompanied by all the rejoicings which might have ...ceeded to a royal prince and princess. The marriage took ...in the royal palace, and a brilliant tournament was held in its honour. Ben Jonson wrote the masque, and when the festivities were over Lord Essex went back to his royal playmate, and Lady Frances returned to her home at Audley End, until it was deemed fitting for them to meet again as husband and wife. Soon after, in accordance with the custom of those days, Lord Essex was sent to Europe, where he visited the most important cities and courts, and at the end of five years he returned a "man of the world," ready and willing (as he thought) to consummate his marriage with Lady Frances Howard, and to settle down to the life of a courtier who enjoyed the good graces of his Sovereign. But those years in France had done Lord Essex more harm than good, and when the young couple came together Lady Frances soon discovered that her marriage with Lord Essex was never likely to bring her that satisfaction that a happy young wife is entitled to expect.

A Domestic Climax Inevitable.

What was more, the five years' separation had made remarkable changes in Lady Frances. Since she had been Countess of Essex she had become well known at Court, and amongst the gallants who had come upon the scene since she left her husband at the altar was one Bob Carr, a tall, handsome, red-headed Scotsman, who had immediately achieved great popularity with the King. Bob Carr was, however, a man of tremendous personality. Amongst his earliest conquests was Lady Frances Howard. And Lady Frances was one of those dangerous beauties whose acts are always inspired by their hearts and never by their heads. It needed no wiles on the part of Robert Carr to discover her secret. Whenever her aid was required in the gratification of his ambition, Robert Carr could always count upon the Countess of Essex. Ere long Carr was made Earl of Rochester, a title, by the way, which has always been distinguished for being held by the greatest rogues in Britain. Long before Lord Essex returned from Europe, his wife had given herself body and soul to the rising courtier, and the reappearance of Lord Essex in England served to precipitate a domestic climax which was foreseen by everyone.

Lady Essex Determines to be Rid of Her Husband.

But, to save appearances, Lady Frances took up her residence under her husband's roof, and together they made serious efforts to forget past indiscretions, and maintain their high position in the entourage of the King. The attempt, however, was a speedy failure. Lord Essex, though little more than a boy, was satiated with women. For his wife he had neither love nor desire. On the other hand, Lady Essex's heart was raging for the caresses of Robert Carr, Earl of Rochester. Insult and contempt quickly followed Lord Essex's attempts at co-habitation. On his side abuse soon took the place of caresses, and the affairs of Lord and Lady Essex became the talk of the town. Whether at the instigation of Lord Rochester, her chosen lover, or out of the depths of her own infamy, Lady Essex soon determined to be rid of her husband for ever. She entered into a series of conspiracies with the object of poisoning Lord Essex, which, for their flagrant cold-bloodedness, have had no parallel in the annals of crime until the year 1912, when the famous Agra poisoning case showed the depths to which a woman covetous of another woman's husband can go.

"I Shall Never be Happy in this World!"

The two cases, notwithstanding an interval of three centuries, present curious similarities. Lady Essex resorted to witches for her poisons, and daily she administered them to her lord, who, strange to say, survived many efforts in this direction. And daily Lady Essex wrote accounts of the progress of her crime to the witch who was in her confidence. To Witch Turner, Lady

MONEY FOR THE ASKING. PARTICULARS ON PAGE 89.

Essex wrote, in one of her letters: "My lord is as well as ever he was, so you may see in what a miserable case I am!" To Dr. Formum, another of her co-conspirators, she wrote: "My lord is lusty and merry, and drinks with his men. I think I shall never be happy in this world!"

Whether Lord Essex eventually became aware of his wife's efforts to be rid of him has never been decided, but Lady Essex eventually gave up her poisoning experiments, and decided to resort to the Divorce Court on the ground of her husband's impotency. Lord Essex did not connive at this, but he was well aware of his wife's passion for Lord Rochester, and, being aware that no happiness could attend his marriage, he was probably glad of his wife's desire to contrive an end to the alliance. Unfortunately, however, although the King interested himself in procuring the divorce, there suddenly loomed on the horizon a barrier which nearly proved fatal to Lady Essex's designs.

Sir Thomas Overbury's Opposition to Lady Essex.

Her lover, Lord Rochester, who now was at the zenith of his favour at Court, had taken under his wing a young man named Overbury. Thomas Overbury was the son of a Gloucestershire squire, and had won distinction at Oxford. He had entered at the Middle Temple, and having made the "grand tour," returned to London an accomplished scholar and wit. For him the intriguing Rochester conceived a sincere friendship, doubtless thinking to have such a clever fellow on his side would considerably assist his schemes of self-advancement. Together, Rochester and Overbury went up the ladder of exaltation, until the affair with Lady Essex came upon the tapis. So long as this was merely the occupation of Lord Rochester's "off-hours," Sir Thomas Overbury offered no interference. But when one day Lord Rochester broached the whole scheme of his intended marriage to Lady Essex, Sir Thomas took up the attitude of a man of a high sense of feeling, and offered the most strenuous objection to the proposal. To quote the records:—

"He represented how invidious, how difficult an enterprise it would be to procure her a divorce from her husband; how dangerous, how shameful, to take into his own bed a profligate woman who, being married to a young nobleman of the first rank, had not scrupled to prostitute her character, and to bestow favours on the object of a capricious and momentary passion. And in the zeal of friendship, he went so far as to threaten Rochester that he would separate himself for ever from him, if he could so far forget his honour and his interest as to prosecute the intended marriage!"

Lady Essex Determines Upon Revenge.

Needless to say, when Lord Rochester narrated what had taken place between himself and Sir Thomas Overbury to Lady Essex, her fury blazed. There and then she swore to be revenged upon Sir Thomas, and she kept her word! As the marriage was now well-advanced, it took place with all the solemnity and all the rejoicing that the lustre of the Court of King James could give it. His Majesty had himself raised the parties to the high position they occupied at his Court, and presents worth a King's ransom poured upon the guilty pair. Such honour was done to the couple, that even the Lord Mayor of London was compelled to dine Lady Essex and Lord Rochester at the Guildhall, as a token of their importance. And no sooner was the wedding over, than the new Countess of Rochester proceeded to get even with the worthy knight who had so nearly frustrated her matrimonial plans. As a final seal of the royal blessing upon the union, Lady Essex's new husband was created "Earl of Somerset" upon his marriage morn, just as, in later days, the Earl of Fife was made a Duke on the day he married the Princess Royal of England.

The Imprisonment of Sir Thomas Overbury.

The Countess of Somerset's first procedure in her chapter of revenge was to secure a friend of her husband's being appointed to be Governor of the Tower. This man was a Sir Gervase Elwes, a craven creature of Somerset's. The next part of the plot was to invent an excuse for securing Sir Thomas's incarceration in the Tower. For this purpose the King was made to offer an embassy to Russia to Lord Somerset. This embassy was then offered to Sir Thomas Overbury, and, on his parleying with it, he was indicted for refusing to obey the King's command to proceed to Russia, and before he could offer a reply he was clapped into the Tower. For six months he languished in the closest confinement, not more than a sight of the sky being permitted him of the outer world, and no communication whatever, even with his relations. Lord Somerset's minion, Sir Gervase Elwes, justified his appointment as Governor of the Tower fully!

Under Sir Gervase Elwes was an under-keeper, another craven tool of Lady Somerset's, who, at her ladyship's bidding, proceeded to the task of poisoning the unhappy prisoner. Lady Somerset first tried white arsenic and corrosive sublimate (she had long become an expert at poisoning!). They were administered to Sir Thomas Overbury in the form of tarts and jellies. Sir Thomas soon became very ill as the result of these decoctions, but life in prison seemed to suit his st... and he refused to die. The real fact was, that ... had a servant who was sincerely attached to him, ... constantly administered antidotes which nullified ... But nothing would satisfy Lady Somerset but the ... Thomas's death. She, therefore, enlisted "expert ... This came from an apothecary, one James Franklin, ... plied her Ladyship with seven different varieties of ... from aqua fortis to cantharides—and one by one they ... on the prisoner in the Tower, until at last the news ... that the good Sir Thomas was no more. But ... overtaking the murdress of Sir Thomas. Ere long ... her minions were arrested, brought to public trial, and ... one they followed Sir Thomas Overbury to the grave ... means of the scaffold. But the wicked Countess of ... herself escaped. At the last moment the King ... and she retired with her husband into obscurity ... lived miserably for many years, racked by a "horrible" ... and shunned by all who once courted them.

Next Week:

SARAH JENNINGS and the DUKE OF MARL...

CORRESPONDENTS' BURE...

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries ... this column.

(Answers to Correspondents are crowded out this ...

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IF you are really ambitious to "get on," ... grip the handle and open the door to ... and better pay for yourself. Only a ... training makes a man able to open that door. ... energy, pluck, stand waiting outside. But if ... to these a sound, practical technical train... you will enter in; then you can demand ... and better pay.

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Readers are invited to become a member and enjoy the numerous benefits which will be announced from time to time, the first of which is announced below.

The *Modern Life* League has been formed to secure a large following of readers who will co-operate with us in extending the sale of *Modern Life*, and who will help us in this cleverly illustrated, witty and bright penny paper. This can be done by the people in every town and village of the country.

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The Editor will present a Bicycle (Lady's or Gent.'s) each week to the member who, in his judgment, has proved the most energetic worker in securing fresh readers and new members of the League.

Letters should be addressed *Modern Life* League, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Please enter my name in the Register as a Member of the *Modern Life* League, and send me a membership card bearing my registered number, for which I enclose a P.O. for sixpence and a stamped addressed envelope. I will at all times endeavour to increase the sale of the paper and introduce new members to the League.

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In cases where members have been introduced, fill in below the name and registered number of the member.

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THIS WEEK'S AWARDS.

2s. 6d. P.O.'s have been sent this week to the following 100 readers:—

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This week's Bicycle has been awarded to:—

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GIFTS FOR INTRODUCTIONS.

To each gentleman introducing six new members to the League, the Editor will present a complete Silver-plated Shaving Set, as illustrated. To every lady or gentleman who introduces twelve new members we will present a framed facsimile Oil Painting. These facsimiles are exact duplicates of oil-paintings, reproduced by a special process so that they can scarcely be distinguished from the original. The one illustrated is entitled "Golden Eve," and is 11½ by 7½ inches in size. The reproductions are on canvas and stretchers, and are beautifully framed.

A companion picture, to make a pair, may be secured by sending us 5s., which is the ordinary price of the framed pictures in this particular size.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 94.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Sunshine has been shining upon the best of English games—cricket. Cricket cannot properly exist without the assistance of the sun, but far more agreeable has been the sunshine of peace that has dominated proceedings of late. What is sport, or one's existence, without peace! Let disagreement come about, then dissatisfaction follows, loss of interest is the sequel, and any game, and any occupation, and any walk in life becomes more or less unsatisfactory. Cricket reached a crisis, and all through the finances of so many counties being in a very bad way. These debit balances have arisen through very bad weather influences, and he who is not cricket's friend has been able to say that the game was waning, that it wanted reforming, that there were too many counties taking part in the county championship, and so forth, and so on. But worse than that, it has been alleged, ever since the February meeting of the Advisory Committee, that some of the first-class counties have not been "playing the game," from an administrative point of view.

The recent meeting, however, instead of proving a tempestuous one, was the essence of calmness, and various recriminations were withdrawn, and hard statements were "unstated." Lord Harris presided over the deliberations, and he sounded the key-note of triumphant peace. Lancashire's scheme for the reduction of the number of first-class counties to eleven meant the dropping of five first-class counties from the competition, and naturally, Essex, Northampton, Somerset, Worcestershire, and Derbyshire resented the suggestion that they should be arbitrarily relegated. It may be taken as having been decided that there will be no change in the constitution of the County Championship for at least five years. Hostilities have ceased for five whole years. Of course, the Advisory Committee have "advised" such an armistice, but there was no division of opinion on the matter, and when confirmation is asked for it will be forthcoming.

The red coat which many players, even nowadays, wear, originated at a time when golf was played on open public spaces, and served as a sort of danger signal. The bright weather of late, though, has tempted the ladies to don equally brilliant woollen sporting coats, and these were seen on hundreds of golf courses during the week; and if the truth must be told, on many a lawn-tennis court. Of course, some clubs possess the gaudiest of gaudy colours, but it would take a lot to beat some of the tints of these jackets. The fashion of brilliant colours seems to be the vogue in the bathing enclosures at the seaside resorts also.

When Dwight Davis presented his cup, perhaps he did, and perhaps he did not, anticipate that it would become emblematical of the world's championship in Lawn Tennis. One cannot dispute that it is, and for combined rather than individual effort. To the casual observer, it might appear that the Davis Cup is played for under unequal conditions, seeing that sometimes two players of one country compete against four separate representatives of another country. There is no inequality, however. There must be two singles players on each side. These players meet each of the opposing players, making four rubbers in singles. The doubles consist of one rubber played from a pair from each team, not necessarily both or either of those who played in the singles. The arrangement is clever and produces the best play, both in singles and doubles. There have been instances where the Davis Cup team has been made up of two, three, and four players.

The cup was first played for in 1902, between England and America, in New York. America won, and therefore the British Isles visited America the following year, and the two Dohertys and Mahony were successful. France and Belgium were the only challengers next year, but in 1905, although not successful, Australasia visited England, in addition to Austria, France, and Belgium.

This year we have South Africa and Canada as [illegible] to Davis Cup honours, and these two countries [illegible] Wimbledon, in response to their own request. [illegible] France, at Wiesbaden, will be the first to try [illegible] June 3rd, 4th and 5th. Then follows the tie [illegible] and America, in New York. The Final [illegible] before July 18th, 19th, and 21st, and the ch[illegible] the British Isles will appear, on July [illegible] World's Championships commence at [illegible] 23rd onwards, and naturally will be more [illegible] character than ever.

Following the Amateur Golf Championship at St. [illegible] the Ladies' Championship will be decided at Lytham [illegible] Anne's. The Ladies' Championship will have re[illegible] majority, the 1913 meeting being the twenty-first. Last [illegible] were 118 entries, but the number is nine in excess [illegible] and had there been just one more entry, there [illegible] been no necessity for a bye. As it is, only one lady [illegible] the second round without playing. Two ladies who [illegible] to the fore in the [illegible] competitors this [illegible] Brinton, who hails from [illegible] nesburg, and who is the [illegible] African lady champion [illegible] Miss N. Parbury, [illegible] won similar honours [illegible] Australia. Miss [illegible] Ravenscroft, who [illegible] year, again competes, [illegible] will be surprising if the [illegible] borough lady is successful [illegible] second time in succession. [illegible] Bertha Thompson, who [illegible] winner eight years ago, [illegible] seen again, while Miss [illegible] ple, who fought [illegible] with Miss Ravenscroft [illegible] year, the 1910 runner-up, [illegible] Lily Moore and Miss [illegible] Leitch are amongst the [illegible] entrants.

Yet another [illegible] Varsity contest [illegible] at the end of [illegible] Officers Training [illegible] Oxford and Cambridge [illegible] at the Naval and [illegible] Tournament to decide [illegible] the superior navy [illegible] day has been set [illegible] "Varsity pair, [illegible] section junior officers [illegible] field-artillery, [illegible] top of gear.

The [illegible] prevailed [illegible] attracted huge [illegible] don, and on Saturday [illegible] larly, the [illegible] amply repaid [illegible] they took a [illegible] country. In addition [illegible] teresting cross-country handicap to Elstree and back [illegible] machines starting, four flying machines competed in an [illegible] speed handicap. Brindejonc de Moulinais, a Belgian who, it will be remembered, appeared at Bow [illegible] he had flown from Bremen to London without [illegible] viously given notice to the authorities, attempted to [illegible] record altitude flight. In this he partly succeeded, [illegible] Hendon previous best accomplished by H. [illegible] 1911, when he ascended 9,700 feet. The [illegible] lady passenger with him, and the barograph [illegible] feet when an engine trouble caused him to descend [illegible] at Salisbury, H. de Haviland ascended 10,500 [illegible] Moulinais flew from Bremen he was not accompanied [illegible] senger, but he carried ballast.

There are not many sports-loving people who [illegible] game of "real" tennis, and fewer who play it, but [illegible] has once more been given to the game with the [illegible] another year of the amateur championship. During [illegible] there has been yet another change in the ownership [illegible] and whereas E. M. Baerlein was quite expected to [illegible] title, the Hon. N. S. Lytton once again achieved the [illegible] Baerlein, the Cantab, dispossessed the Hon. N. S. Lytton [illegible] the championship the year before last, and now in turn [illegible] champion has been restored. Some great [illegible] associated with the tennis championship, and Sir [illegible] who was the first champion in 1889, held the title [illegible] during the first ten years. Then Eustace Miles came [illegible] and winning it five years in succession he was beaten [illegible] but regained the championship the two following years [illegible]

BRITISH SPORTSMEN :

No. 2.—THE CRICKETER (Last, but not least).

ARE YOU A FINE MAN?

A fine, tall, well-developed man invariably gets on in the world because he impresses his personality on all with whom he comes in contact. The short, insignificant-looking man, on the other hand, generally passes unnoticed, or else is dismissed with the casual title of "Little So-and-So."

Don't Be Known as "Little-So-and-So."

There is so little difference between a short man and a tall one. A man of 5 foot 7 inches is short; a man of 5 foot 10 inches is tall. Think of it! Three inches make all the difference!

I Can Put Those Three Inches On To You.

During my University days and subsequently, I devoted years to a study of Greek antiquities as applied to physical culture, with special regard to the increase of height. And these researches of mine resulted in a discovery of the system by which the famous Olympic athletes of Greece, those stalwarts whose development and physical symmetry have never been equalled since, attained to their splendid proportions.

I Can Train You

by means of my course of Height Increase, in the same way as these celebrated athletes were trained. My system, which involves

No Drugs, No Change of Habits, and No Apparatus,

will, if carried out correctly according to my eminently lucid and simple Course of Exercises, add from

2 to 3 inches to Your Height in 3 Months!

Bear this in mind! Mine is not the usual system, easily compiled by any person, possibly quite illiterate, from any book on physical culture. I am a man who has made a study of the subject. I am

A SPECIALIST IN HEIGHT INCREASE.

Mark well, moreover, that my course not only increases your Height, but adds proportionately to your

Breadth, Chest Development, and General Health.

In this way I make you a Perfect Man, in every sense of the word.

Is This Worth Your While?

If so, send your name and address, together with two penny stamps, for full particulars to—

PROFESSOR NEVILLE PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.

N.B.—Ladies should send 2 penny stamps for my Height and Beauty Course.

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Telephone 6111 Holborn.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Better times are ahead for the Stock Exchange, with the public at last taking a hand.

* * *

The Chinese loan was an immediate success; the seven million odd offered being over-subscribed.

* *

Americans are on the improve, and the whole list is good for much higher prices, with Eries and Union Pacifics a feature.

* * *

This time last year the majority of the American Railroad stocks were from ten to twenty points better than the prices now ruling. My readers would do well to put their money into this market.

* * *

As I predicted, Mexican Rails are tumbling down again on the bad news to hand. We are likely to see a lot of fighting before the next Presidential election in the autumn.

* * *

Grand Trunk Third Pref. are a very strong market, but Canadian Pacifics are dangerously active. I do not recommend options on this stock.

* * *

The rise in Home Rails has been checked owing to the labour trouble on the Great Northern, but the reaction is the investor's opportunity.

* * *

I firmly believe Brighton Deferred will go to par, and Great Central Preferred, South Eastern Deferred, and Districts will see much higher prices.

* * *

Simmer Deep are the most sought after shares just now among South Africans. The shares have now risen to 4s. 6d. but are good to hold for double the price.

* * *

Readers must remember Simmer Deep are £1 shares fully paid, and at the present low price are very cheap.

* * *

The profit for the month of May is likely to show a substantial advance on the April figures.

* * *

I strongly advise readers to give an order to their broker for further shares, or if you are not in touch with a member of the Stock Exchange, write direct to me, and I will send you the name of a broker.

* * *

The Malayan Tin Dredging is still doing well, and although the shares are at a substantial premium they are still being talked much higher. The output for the month of April, cabled by the General Manager, is as follows:

18 tons of Tin Ore, realising £2,260 at a cost of £816. Profit, £1,444.

* * *

Among Oil shares there is a whisper that Shells are good for a rise to £7. The report is due next month, and the earnings for the past year's trading are said to be enormous.

* * *

Spies are a better market, and Premier Oil have been strongly bid for on the very satisfactory news to hand last week and published in this paper.

* * *

The Galician Oil Trust is another well managed concern under the control of Mr. Boxall, who is also the Chairman of the Premier Oil Pipe Line.

* * *

The Galician Oil Trust, which has an issued capital of £253,031, has eight producing wells and five shafts now in course of drilling, and its monthly production of about 3,500 tons, after deducting royalties equal to about 33,000 tons per annum, should make a profit (after allowing for working expenses) of approximately £80,000. Dividend prospects are therefore most promising, and the market gossip is now putting the value of the shares in the immediate future at considerably higher than the present low quotation of about 8s. Many consider them good for 15s.

* * *

The small speculative investor might well lock away a few Galician Oil shares for a better price.

* * *

The Casey Gobalt and also Cobalt Town Site Silver Mines are still making highly satisfactory progress, the weekly profit return being very substantial.

I quote below the latest news from the Cobalt [illegible]

Cobalt Town Site Silver.—Returns for five [illegible] 3rd May:—"Production of high grade ore, [illegible] production of concentrates, 72¼ tons; total, [illegible] Total estimated value, £23,727; total estimated [illegible] £8,296. Profit at mine, £15,431. Drifting, 168ft.; [illegible] cutting, 392ft.; shaft sinking, 30ft.; [illegible] footage 635ft."

* * *

Among West Africans Ashanti Gold Fields are [illegible] 20s., and Bromassie 10s. shares are worth purchas[illegible] 7s. 6d.

* * *

Nigerian Tin is a fairly strong market. The [illegible] are Rayfields at 24s., and among the cheap ones [illegible] attractive are Jos, Keffi, Lucky Chance, and [illegible] Nigeria Bauchi Ordinary or Pref.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and addre[illegible] a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader wish[illegible] invest or speculate.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

S. R. (Birmingham).—Do not sell your Oil shares, especially [illegible] Premier Oil, as both Companies are doing well, and the shares [illegible] to go much better.

Investor (Tunbridge Wells).—Any of the Home Rails I have m[illegible] in my notes this week are good to buy.

H. E. (Willesden).—I do not recommend a purchase of Brazi[illegible] tion just now, as the Company has already announced a new [illegible] it would be as well to see how this is taken up first. Brighton [illegible] are all right, also South Eastern Deferred.

J. L. (Leeds).—Thanks for list of Shares. I think that all the [illegible] are safe, and will pay you dividends for years to come.

Wilkinson (Brighton).—I have received your order for 100 Simmer[illegible] which is being attended to.

H. J. T. (Camberwell).—The only Mining shares that I would [illegible] you to buy at the moment are Simmer Deep £1 shares at [illegible] or Ashanti Gold Fields at about 20s.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase [illegible] two to three inches within three months [illegible] special exercises. No appliances. [illegible] Send three penny stamps for particulars.

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(Specialist in the Increase of Height)

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Hapgood's Organisation is a Brain Market, a market for [illegible] Ability. If you have a Special Knowledge or Aptitude which [illegible] to occupy a Responsible Position in any capacity—if you have [illegible] which is above the Average, and you want to market [illegible] best advantage—write us to-day for details of our services.

HAPGOODS LTD., Employment Experts. 167-169 [illegible] London.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

(44th Edition, 1913).

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, and [illegible] Options. How to open an account with [illegible] to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains [illegible] Lowest Sales for last 10 years. Gratis from [illegible]

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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Life."

THE ART THAT PAYS.

50 Summer Scholarships in Black and White Designing and Commercial Illustration open to "Modern Life" readers *without Entrance Fee.*

ART in advertising offers a splendid field to all who are willing to learn the few practical requirements of the work. Men like Walter Crane, Bernard Partridge, Simpson, E. J. Sullivan, Hubert Herkomer, Charles E. Dawson, and others who matter in the Art world design advertisements not merely because it is more profitable than picture painting, but because they know it's better for our walls and magazines to be covered with designs that are good in line and colour than with advertisements that are bald, crude and vulgar.

Better than Picture Painting.

* * *

FORMERLY the artist was the rich man's lackey. Only the wealthy could buy pictures, and the poor painter had to sell his work or perish. To-day the artist can snap his fingers at the retired usurer or millowner, because there is a new and widening market for his work. Artists can now do better than paint portraits or "pretty" landscapes in gilded frames to cumber up stuffy dining rooms. They may draw pictures for the people—their fellows in the workaday world.

Artists snap fingers.

* * *

MORE and better drawings are wanted daily, and new periodicals keeping adding to the countless opportunities for the man or woman who can draw for reproduction. These periodicals arise to meet the needs of the enormously increasing number of advertisers. They succeed or fail according to the quantity and merits of their illustrations. Cut out the pictures and tear the cover off a popular magazine such as Nash's and see what it looks like. Who would buy it without its pictures?

Thousands of Pounds daily.

Advertisers now have such a lively appreciation of the value of illustrations that, in London alone, they spend thousands of pounds a day upon the kind of work that MODERN LIFE readers could soon learn to do.

* * *

ARTISTS usually sell their work by post, saving time and embarrassment of verbal bargaining. By post anyone with a taste for drawing can enjoy the advantages of a London training at home.

Sell Sketches by Post.

The Practical Correspondence College—the *All-British Art School with the world-wide reputation*—offers the Full Course of Instruction in Black and White at half fees to the first fifty readers to pass a postal examination. The balance of fees is only payable when the student has earned Ten Pounds. Our interests are mutual, for we succeed or fail with the student.

* * *

IF the Course fails to help the student to earn £10, then the student is under no obligation to complete payment of fees.

The College stakes 200 guineas upon the success of the fifty MODERN LIFE Scholarship holders.

Most students are helped to *earn while they learn*, and easily dispose of their work.

Earning while Learning.

Any reader with a taste for drawing, common sense, and ambition, stands a chance of being launched at unprecedented terms right into the most interesting and lucrative of the artistic professions either as a profitable spare-time pursuit or a regular occupation.

* * *

Can you draw a Boxing Glove or a Post-Impressionist Cat?

* * *

NO preliminary training or expenses are necessary. Awards will be made in the order in which specimen sketches are received. Send as soon as possible, but not later than June 30, a stamped, self-addressed envelope for full particulars of the World's most successful Course of Home Study in Applied Art at the most favourable terms ever offered.

* * *

THE subjects taught include:

Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash, and body colour sketches, splatter work, time and labour-saving devices, originating saleable designs, establishing a connection, commercial correspondence, dealing with printers, publishers, and advertisers, how, when, and where to sell designs to the best advantage.

Nothing Risked.

Correspondence must not be addressed to the Editor of MODERN LIFE but to the *Secretary*, Practical Correspondence College, 43, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C.

* * *

IT costs nothing and you risk nothing by entering for this unique scholarship. The exclusive and confidential lessons are superbly illustrated. Students' exercises are criticised and difficulties explained away by personal correspondence.

* * *

IF you can draw well enough to amuse your friends you should at once begin to learn how to turn your talent into guineas.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

As I shall have an opportunity of dealing with the Derby at some length in our next issue, I only propose referring to the race now for the purpose of mentioning that after the manner in which he trounced Louvois in the Newmarket Stakes we must now transfer our allegiance to Craganour, and unless it be one of the Frenchmen, about whom all sorts of tall reports are flying about, it is difficult to see what is to beat Mr. Bower Ismay's colt, providing that nothing untoward occurs in the interim.

Of the five meetings fixed for this week, each of which will provide interesting racing, Hurst Park claims chief attention by reason of the fact that the Victoria Cup, the most important event of the week, is set for decision. The entry, as usual, includes some of the fastest animals in training, and Mr. Lee has carried out his business of handicapping them to such good purpose that there does not appear to be a weak spot anywhere.

Spanish Prince, who won the race two years ago, tops the handicap with 9-4, but even with his heavy burden will find a host of friends, that is, if he goes to the post fit and well.

Sir Martin will probably give way to Adam Bede, who is improving every day, and who is sure to be handy at the finish. Great Surprise will find the distance full far enough for him, but Cigar will not be troubled in this direction, and if he only runs as well here as he did in the Great "Jubilee," when he led for about a mile, he will be a factor to be reckoned with.

I am told that the connections of Eton Boy think their horse has a capital chance of winning the race, and as they are not given to making many mistakes, their opinion must be treated with due respect. He has not done anything so far this season to warrant any undue confidence in his chance, but against that must be taken into consideration the fact that he has not been in top-hole condition, and can have improved somewhat in the month that has elapsed since he last appeared in public.

Castleton has been given a good preparation for the race, and should run well, whilst one that has a taking appearance is Cuthbert, who if he does not prove equal to it here will soon be taking another good race. And what of Uncle Pat? I'll warrant there's not many of you who'll feel inclined to back him now, and small blame to you; but one of these days he'll start racing, and then—well, the most probable thing you'll do is curse him.

There are one or two others besides those I have mentioned that can be made out to have a winning chance, but all things considered, I do not think I can advise you do other than back

ETON BOY

each way. He will be well suited by the course, who right-handed, and it may be worthy of note that with exception—when he scored at headquarters—each re has won has been on a right-hand course.

With Jackdaw out of the way—I am assuming that his capital performance last week he will be kept for thing bigger—the best bet of the week is represent Fiz-Yama, who cannot very well lose the Salisbury C Friday. Our friends the enemy will also recognise thi bet accordingly, but we must not grumble—what's the

Other likely winners during the week are as under.

YORK—Monday.

Flying Dutchman Welter Handicap: Daly's.
Glasgow Selling Welter Handicap: Saucy John.

YORK—Tuesday.

Great Northern Handicap: Shanballymore or Symons.
Melrose Handicap: Mountain Fairy.

YORK—Wednesday.

Voltigeur Handicap: Miramichi.
Dringhouses Selling Handicap: Cathay.

BATH—Tuesday.

Beaufort Handicap: Bangalore.
Bath Welter Handicap: Rayon de Soleil.

SALISBURY—Thursday.

Wiltshire Plate: Zebre.

DONCASTER—Thursday.

Doncaster Three-Year-Old Handicap: Harvest.
Portland High Weight Handicap: Serlby Drake.

DONCASTER—Friday.

Chesterfield Plate: Lindsay Gordon.
Scurry Handicap: Newminster II.

HURST PARK—Saturday.

Vyner Handicap: St. Cronan.
Durham Handicap: Assagai.

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£3 17s. 6d. CYCLE

26 New 1913 Models to select from Fitzpatrick's 152 page cat
Only those who have sent for our Free Catalogue know its val
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR COPY? THEN WRITE
Fitzpatrick's Catalogue, "EVERYTHING FOR THE CYCL
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BIG PRIZE FOR RACING SKILL.

Ladies are just as interested in horses as men, therefore our Racing Skill Contest sho be of equal attraction to either sex, especially when there is such a bumper a attached to it.

Everything to Win. Nothing to Lose.

in connection with this contest we offer

£500 First Prize

This big sum of money will be paid to the person who correctly forecasts the winners, by filling in, in the coupon printed on back page, the name of the horse against each race given in the coupon. Like the man who goes racing, you must carefully the form of horses.

This is what the successful race goer does and this is what you must do if you wish to pocket our £500.

If no one correctly forecasts the winners of all the races, then during the remainder of the Flat Racing Season

£1 a week will be paid to the person whose coupon is nearest correct.

I think I can safely say Epsom is the most popular race meeting of the year, and I have, therefore, chosen the Epsom races for Competition, so as to give my readers a better chance.

Some of the Entries for the races given in the coupon are published on the back page. You should carefully study form of the horses taking part in these important fixtures, and fill in against each race the name of the horse you con in your judgment, will win the race. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,

And they must reach our offices not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Let every reader test his or her racing skill win this huge money prize.

THE CONDITIONS AND COUPON APPEAR ON THE BACK PAG

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. **SEE PAGE 89.**

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Motto for men.—Buy the best, and take the best care of it.

* * *

Twenty years ago, a brother officer—a Dubliner—stated over his coffee and cigar, "Oi buy my boots in St. James's Street, and my clothes in Bond Street, *but* if Oi went home drunk as Bacchus, the clothes are folded and the boots in trees before my head touches pillow."

* * *

The rule and regulation is good, alike for Bacchanalian and Blue Ribbonite.

* * *

If you want the same quality of material you must pay a little more for your clothes this year than last. Serges especially have advanced largely in price.

* * *

At a fixed price for a suit, the tailor is greatly tempted to take refuge in the substitution of a cheaper cloth.

* * *

You may not recognise this inferiority at the time of purchase, but you will in the course of the year. Therefore, pay the price and "get the goods," as the Americans say.

* * *

An Austrian magnate, whose name is well known on the English turf, and who was an intimate friend of the late King Edward, has introduced a new note in evening dress.

* * *

He gave instructions recently that a dress coat being built for him should have a velvet collar.

* * *

I should not be surprised to see this become usual, if not general. It seems a neat and simple way of distinguishing between guest and waiter.

* * *

This reminds me of the old story of the homely-featured man, who, mistaking the noted wit for a waiter, ordered him to call him a cab, and received the reply: "Well, I don't mind calling you a cab, but I can't call you handsome."

* * *

My tailor made an excellent suggestion to me anent a dress suit I had from him recently.

* * *

That was, to have the waistcoat *interlined* with a thin, soft but warm flannel.

* * *

As my dancing days are over, I accepted his suggestion, and do not dread a drive to dinner in evening dress now, as I did formerly.

* * *

Your tailor can add to your comfort in life, as well as to your appearance—if you have the right tailor.

* * *

Please remember that it is useless commissioning your London tailor to build you a dress suit on Savile Row lines, unless your shirt maker is capable.

* * *

A stiff linen shirt, bulging East, North, South, West and amidships, will spoil the best dress suit ever built. I have myself seen many such abortions.

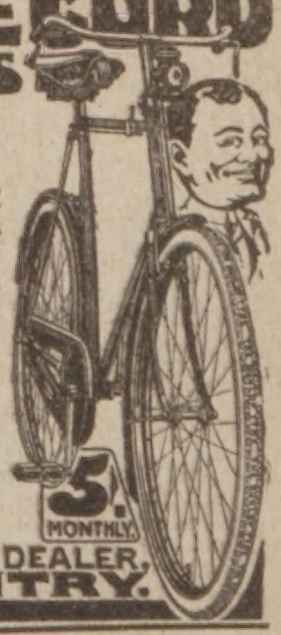
* * *

The frock coat is still *tabu*, and likely to continue so for some time. At Church Parade last Sunday I saw *one*, and the wearer was evidently a stranger to the district.

A DISCLAIMER.

The Principal of Holborn Hall College, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C., the oldest, largest, and most successful University of its kind in the world, established in London continuously for the past thirty years, and who are the sole proprietors of the celebrated "New Rapid" instruction courses in Shorthand and other subjects, desires us to state that that this Institute has no connection directly or indirectly with J. M. Sloan, trading at Ramsgate as the Sloan-Duployan Shorthand Company. The "New Rapid" is admitted by many leading journals to be the last word in Shorthand instruction, and at least twenty years in advance of any other lessons of the kind. Readers of "Modern Life" will remember that the "New Rapid" are the lessons leading to a speed of 80 words per minute in one month.

WORLD'S RECORD
166,000 MILES



ON A BIKE SUPPLIED BY ME.

Mr. Revell, of Middleton, Suffolk, bought a cycle from me ten years ago, and writes:—"During most of the time I had it I rode over **400 MILES** a week. The total distance I and my friends covered was no less than **166,000 MILES.**" This is the kind of cycle I sell. I supply **HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES, FOR £3 10s. CASH,** (*Makers' Price*, £6 6s.).

Also **BEST QUALITY, FINEST-GRADE CYCLES,** guaranteed for 12 years (*Makers' Price*, £9 9s.), the same as supplied to Mr. Revell, for only **10/-** deposit and 18 monthly instalments of **7/11.** I sell **BRAND NEW 1913, HUMBER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, ROVER, QUADRANT, SINGER, PROGRESS, PREMIER, SWIFT,** etc., supplied from **5/-** monthly. I will gladly send one of Coventry's highest-grade Cycles on **ten days approval**, so that you can examine it at your leisure in your own home. I guarantee you perfect satisfaction or refund your money in full. Many Thousands of Testimonials.

Write for Lists and learn how I save you pounds.

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OUR RACING CONTEST.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE HORSES ENTERED IN EVENTS SELECTED.

In this issue we give a list of some of the entries for the races which we have chosen for our great skill competition. The full list appears below, but we do not propose to give the entries for either the Derby or Oaks, as no useful purpose would be served thereby. The probable starters for these two events will be known in plenty of time for competitors to make their selections.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

The Egmont Plate.—Five furlongs.—Flowerjug, Poor Boy, Polymela, Eastern Rose, Favilla, Rath Hurley, Double Six, Panasine, Fly by Night, Miramichi, Levanger, Absurd, Golden Sun, Privilege, Irrigation, Biter Bit, Miss Douglas, Mountain Finch, Neville Holt, Catiline, Lespedesa, Master Hopson, Sea Fairy, Duke of Padua, Iron Duke, Garryhoe, Forward III., Bonnie Bird, Thelma's Amulet, Sunningdale, Scintillator, Simile, Throsga, Orama, Minehead, Mix Up, Questa II.

The Epsom Plate.—Seven furlongs.—Talana Hill, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Cabaret, Spanish Prince, White Star, Diadumenos, Cuthbert, Alga, Chancellor II., Court Cards, Bachelor's Tax, Royal Sym, Cheleken, Dundrum, Grania, Ambush, Outram, Mercutio, Daly's, Lesto, Choice, High Rock.

The Craven Stakes.—Omnis, Carinya, Paul Lamerie, Solprufe, High Rock, Sour Plum, Evening Pleasure, Maycup, Scotch Wolf, Sunspot, St. Gall, Long Set, Castleton, Wheatsheaf, Outram, Posidonius, Sandburr, Nomenoe, Khedive III., Comparison, Talana Hill, Matelot.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Stewards' Handicap (mile and 44 yards).—St. Meriadoc, Killadoon, Augur, Albion, St. Begoe, Political, Lovewood, Bilberry, Duke of Tipperary, Irrigation, Oselle, Durbar, At Last, Spean Bridge, Drawbridge, Amador, Bolo, Ocydrome, Felizardo, Pandean, Cabaret, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Sun Yat, Fire Finch, Poyston, Get Up, Apennine, Poulette, Chain Armour, Thistleton, Maycup, Charlton, Burning Daylight, Happy Fanny, Percival Keene, Early Girl, Dundrum, Inconstant George, Coronetta, Workgirl, Choice, Whroo, High Rock, Sirabia, Mille Fleur's, Sea View, Otter, St. Julian, Lock Earn, Erl King, Dissension, Mix Up, Stung Again, Chancery, Seremond, Campanile.

The Epsom Town Plate.—Courtisan II., Waterwillow, Fancy Nurse, St. Nat, Vanity Box, Golden Joe, Icy Cup, Nigger, MacChanter, Queen's Man, Legal Light, Tangaroa, Cherokee Rose, Cabaret, Edale, Zebre, Silver Mountain, Le Soleil, Corso, Daly's, Courteous Lad, Love Shot, Knight of Tredennis, Loch Earn, Crystal Gazer, Wrack, Dundrum, Sir Max, Bictonio, FitzJames, Sporty, Ardigon, Ours, Fortura, Perimac, Mint Master, Orama.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

The Coronation Cup (the Derby Course, about one mile and a half).—Tracery, M. Caillault's sealed nom., Tuxedo, Etheric, Stedfast, Sweeper II., Shannon, Aleppo, Cigar, Lomond, Long Set, Maiden Erlegh, Lance Chest, Santa Bellis, Bachelor's Hope, Oiseau Bleu, Prince Palatine, Lorenzo, Cyllene More, Gorgorito, La Boheme II, Warlingham, Adam Bede, Sir Martin

The Royal Stakes (six furlongs, on the New Course).—Spanish Prince, White Star, Castleton, Ask Papa, Wynbury, Cigar, Blackcap, Quantock, Great Surprise, Harmonicon, Meeting House, Borrow, Mediator, Martynia, Zebre, G.P., Sir Martin, Ma'oona, Hornet's Beauty, Mountain Gramimont, The Dodger, Poor Boy, Mix Up, Ardigon, Erl King, Bird, Wise Symon, Halaton, Canonite, Wrack, Garryhoe, Orama.

The Durdans Plate (a mile and a quarter and 66 yards).—Bonbon Rose, Diadumenos, Jaegar, Oiseau Bleu, Lance Chest, Gown, Agapanthus, Miltsin, Mustapha, Mordred, Lorenzo, Molly's Birthday, Blue Stone, Beaurepaire, Lomond, Thistleton, Outram, Fantasio, Halberd, Daly's, Drinmore, Avernus, Girl of the West, Goliath, Hampton Court II, Bachelor's Hope,

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

The Belmont Plate.—Zebre, Cherokee Rose, Cabaret, Fly by Night, garoa, G.P., Fancy Nurse, White Star, Castleton, Great Bradley, Solprufe, Neville Holt, Permo, Felizardo, Corso, Naval Engineer, Clodius, Watteau, Bedfellow, Simile, Thunderstone, Laudes, Bellringer, Mercutio, Orama, Coronetta.

The Chipstead Plate.—Abelard II., Courtisan II., Prevoyant, Hermes, Towyn, Ukraine, Sailaway, Sour Plum, Nigger, Pickmere, thorne, Chancellor II., Lenana, Victor, Stiff Neck, Mordred, Carsey, o' Day, Daly's, Lesto, Loch Garry, Birthday, Ambush, Short Grass, ton Court II., Paul Lamerie, Prince Sterling, Drawbridge, Darter, III., Nomenoe, Cross my Palm, Take Care, China Cock, Greenland Hamerton.

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CONDITIONS TO BE COMPLIED WITH IN OUR RACING COMPETITIO...

On this page is given an entry form containing the name of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, and for the first prize of £500 you have to fill in against each race the name of one of the horses entered for the race. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing all the correct results of the races given in the coupon we will award the sum of £500. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results during the remainder of the Flat Racing season. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Fill in against each race the name of the horse you forecast to win.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, Racing Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct results of all the races run, but if the whole of the twelve races are not run or if any one of the races is a walk over the £500 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct results, £1 a week during the remainder of the Flat Racing season will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

"MODERN LIFE" RACING CONTEST.

Races to be run on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Fill in against each race the name of the horse to win.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

Craven Stakes (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Plate (7f.) .....

Egmont Plate (5f.) .....

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th.

Derby Stakes (1m. 4f. 29yds.) .....

Steward's Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Town Plate (6f.) .....

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.

Royal Stakes (6f.) .....

Coronation Cup (1m. 4f.) .....

Durdan's Handicap (1m. 2f. 66yds.) .....

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

Belmont Handicap (6f.) .....

Oaks Stakes (1m. 4f.) .....

Chipstead Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

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